

Amateur Weight Lifter. See Page 7

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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1902.

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Price, 10 Cents.



Photo by Feinberg, New York.

A PAIR OF PEACHES.

THE CHARMING FAYE SISTERS WHO HAVE A RARE TALENT FOR AMUSING AUDIENCES.



Established 1846.

RICHARD K. FOX.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
NEW YORK AND LONDON.

Saturday, October 25, 1902.

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VAUDEVILLE GOSSIP.

Joseph Oppenheimer has engaged the Brandon
Sisters and the Dauphin Sisters.Pauline Saxon, known as "The Sis Perkins
Girl," is playing Poll's Connecticut circuit of houses.Hart and Mackey, singing and talking come-
dians, report meeting with success in their tramp
specialty.A. L. Burleigh and Bessie Shaw, formerly
known as Burleigh and Shaw, in the future will be
known as the Burleighs.C. B. Meyers and Laura B. Meyers have
written a sketch, which will make a good hit, entitled
"Looking for a Gymnasium."Al E. Read, of the team Read and Write, is
playing principal end and doing his specialty with
McKinney Brothers' Minstrels.Sheenan and Wert, late Sheenan and Kennedy,
who are starring in "Hogan's Alley," report a hit, and
their new specialty a big success.The Gregsons are in Cleveland, preparing to
take up their Winter engagements. They have added
some new songs and dances to their act.Bernard Kling has lately written "The
Senator's Kid" for the Four Bryants, and "That Tricky
Brother of Mine," for Ethel and Fred Whiteside.Andy and Mazie Garon are in their ninth
week with the Wells Comedy Company. They stay
with the show for a Western tour of twenty-six weeks.Rado and Bertman, are rehearsing their new
act, "Soubrette's Holiday," written and being rehearsed
by James Gorman, stage manager for the Four Cohans.Jack Jennings has rejoined Bob Jewell after
two years' separation, in their singing, talking and
dancing act. They will be known as Jennings and
Jewell.Frank and Ida Williams, well-known comedy
sketch artists, recently closed a very successful engage-
ment over the Proctor circuit and Tony Pastor's
theatre.Remsey and Bradban report their success in
the South with their new comedy act, "The Gal from
Skowhegan," and are booked solid through that
territory.The Thebus Brothers, one of the vaudeville
features with the Chase-Lister Company (Northern),
report scoring success in their singing and dancing
specialties.William Kelley and Nellie Clifton have joined
hands and have booked with Baird & Gay's Specialty
Company for next season. Their address is Walnut
street, McKeesport, Pa.The Great Marinellas, inventors and origina-
tors of the latest style muscle work on the triangles,
begin their fourth return engagement over the Keith
circuit consisting of five weeks, with twelve weeks in
the West to follow.Julia Brachard, globe performer, with Oppen-
heimer's Carnival Company, was one of the performers
invited to Cannon City, Col., by Capt. Jack Martin,
warden of the State Penitentiary, to give a performance
to the prisoners there.The team heretofore known as Lewis and
Green have separated. Hereafter Sam Green will work
alone, under the name of Sam Gill, and has signed with
the "Devil's Daughter" Company. His wife, Florence
Gilligan, has signed with the same company.

CHORUS LADIES OF THE CITY

—NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE—

AND CHORUS GIRLS ON THE ROAD

The Classes Include the Show Girl, the Common Chorus Girl,
the Road Chorus Girl and the Stock Burlesque Girl.

BUT THE QUEEN OF ALL IS THE TOWN "LADY."

She's Haughty, Swell in Appearance, is Very Dignified, is Careful With Whom
She Flirts and is a Very Superior Sort of a Person.To the rank outsider there is but one chorus girl, and
she is a show girl. They are willing to recognize the
fact that there are other women employed about the
her advanced sisters; she has even been known to flirt
mildly with the property boy or the stage carpenter if
her hotel trunk stands in need of repair. She has a

SHE ISN'T A PERSIAN.

Just a Pretty American Girl Whose Figure and Whose Dancing Have Made Her a
Favorite with the Patrons of the Houses Devoted to Burlesque.stage who are members of the chorus, but it is a show
girl who is picked out for publicity by the press agent,
and it is her personality that has impressed itself on
the mind of the average man. As a matter of fact,
every chorus girl is in a class by herself.Show girls, for instance, are tall, stately and a trifle
more important than the principals. Their most
marked common characteristic is an intense aversion
to leaving the scene of their Broadway triumphs and a
willingness to accept \$18 a week in town while refusing
\$25 a week on the road.A show girl may have only one good street dress, but
that is of the best, and where her wardrobe is limited it
is very apt to be interchangeable. With a shirt waist
the well hung skirt answers very well for a summer
costume. In the fall a light jacket is added, and when
the jacket is buttoned it becomes the winter outfit.
Ordinarily, however, the show girl is possessed of a
goodly assortment of garments for street wear, and
some even find it necessary to keep card catalogues of
their costumes in order to prevent confusion.The real show girl is haughty and patronizes every-
body from the manager to the common or garden
chorus girl. She is tempted to call George Lederer and
Edward E. Rice by their first names, and she knows
more of the proper cooking of a lobster, human or
otherwise, than the lesser members of her class.The common chorus girl is rather more approach-
able. She will drink either beer or highballs, and
knows the proper degree of aridness for a dry Martini.
She goes in for showiness of wardrobe, where the
show girl aims at style; she is rather more lively and
very much more human.Both of these classes possess the common attribute of
being able to flirt on the wholesale plan. Any well
trained Broadway chorus girl is able to cast a glance at
the orchestra that will be accepted as purely personal
by at least fifty persons who are possessed with the
wherewithal to buy seats for to-morrow night. The
girl who is really an expert with her glances can in-
clude at least fifteen rows, while there are a few who
with a single alluring smile can convince the entire
lower portion of the house that they are expected to
report at the stage door immediately after the per-
formance.These two classes represent the highest type in
chorusgirlhood, and are held in the same regard by the
lesser lights as are the trust magnates by the patrons
of the bucket shops. Immediately below this comes
the chorus girl with the better class of road organiza-
tion. Her one good dress is a traveling costume, for it
is important that a good impression should be created
upon arrival in a new town. It is possible that she has
several handsome gowns, but the chorus girl who can
afford an extensive wardrobe is pretty apt to refuse en-
gagements that require her services outside of a radius
of three miles from Long Acre Square.The road chorus girl is a walking hotel directory, and
knows more than the advance agent regarding the
best stopping places. She is less haughty than either of

THE BOOK OF RULES

This is one of the most valuable publications ever
issued. It contains the rules governing athletic con-
tests, etc., etc. Price, 25 cents.ventilated in summer, and at all times as full of motion
as a storm at sea. They seldom play one night stands,
and are more apt to spend money on sleeping cars.
They are extremely frank in their conversation,
shockingly so at times, and when language fails them,
their fists are usually handy. On the street they are
usually quiet, but their language is of the shop, shabby.The lowest rung of the ladder is occupied by the
chorus in a stock burlesque company. She is usually a
beginner who is employed by the management because
she is cheap rather than because of her capability. She
pays small attention to her clothing, but she is more
careful of her language, unless she unfortunately be-
longs to that class who, anxious to prove their atten-
tion to dramatic skill, are constantly talking shop in
order that there may be no question as to their voca-
tion. The girl of this type carefully cherishes the new
slang phrases and mild profanity, but, as a rule, she is
quiet and well behaved, and very often is capable of
preferring the drudgery of a cheap stock to an engage-
ment that would take her away from her home city.
She is not, however, required to be clever, nor is she
even expected to sing correctly. The pianist of one of
these cheap companies is too busy or too tired to de-
vote much time to chorus rehearsals, and as long as
she makes a noise that more or less corresponds to the
noise made by the others, she is considered satisfactory.
If she is ambitious, she advances herself—and some-
times the cheap burlesque performer of to-day is the
show girl of to-morrow.A new chorus girl had been engaged for the Lederer
show, and on the first pay day she eagerly grasped her
envelope and with nervous haste broke it open where
the line reads "pull the wire at either end." After
counting her stipend her first remark was, "Well, of
all things, I think George Lederer has an awful gall to
hand me out twelve dollars for my week's salary.""Why, what's wrong with it?" queried one of her
listeners. "It's all we get.""I don't care, the idea of me—Me working for a
paltry twelve dollars. Me, I say! and I could have
gotten seventy-five dollars a week, mind you, playing
down at the German theatre—and good parts, too; yes,
real good parts at seventy-five per.""Seventy-five per?" gasped one of her chorus
friends, in amazed tone; "why in the world didn't you
take it, you chump?""Oh, gee. I certainly would have, only I can't speak
German!""Poor grandmother," remarked the ballet girl. "I
never felt so sorry for her as I did to-night. For the
first time in her life she admitted that she was grow-
ing old."

"What was the occasion?"

"The stage manager put her back in the second row
of the ballet."The burlesque lady and the Johnnie were automo-
biling. He was a scorcher, while she—well, no matter!
They flew along at the rate of fifty miles an hour,
evading members of the force, frightening horses,
scaring cows, decapitating fowls, and maiming small
boys—in fact, doing everything a la mode. At last they
reached a dangerous corner. Clenching his teeth he
rounded it by the merest shave of an inch. Then he
brought the machine to a standstill."Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "that was a tight
squeeze! I'll never do that again!""Do you intend in future," said she, looking up at
him coyly, "to let your tight squeezes go to waist?"

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And to Earn This Income She Must Be Beautiful and
Have the Figure of a Venus.There was only one way to answer that. For the
rest of the trip only one of his hands was visible, and
she wore a smile that would make a hit on any stage.

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instruction for the manufacture of all kinds of tonics,
cosmetics, perfumes, etc. Price, 25 cents.

WATCH FOR OUR NEXT SUPPLEMENT--THE FAMOUS BEAUTIFUL BATHING GIRL OF "THE LITTLE DUCHESS"

SIDE LIGHTS ON GAMBLING

—HOW LAMBS ARE FLEECE—

BY THE SHORT CARD MEN

Some Tips on Stacking Cards and Switching Decks as Practiced by the Successful House Player.

THEY ARE SIMPLE BUT VERY EFFECTIVE.

A Mysterious Player Who Made an Art of Marking the Backs of Cards With His Thumb Nail and Who Rarely Lost.

"There is nothing that helps the professional card sharper so much as rum," remarked the old house player, "and it generally happens that he takes off the chips when the other players are having a high time with the bottle. In my twenty years' experience of 'feeding the pig' I have seen many curious things come off which could not have occurred had all the players been sober and wise. In the first place, the sharper is not likely to attempt anything raw when he is pitted against wise poker fiends, but when he gets in with a lot of recruits, and especially when the rum is flowing, he is not going to lose an opportunity of a killing.

"Are the sharpeners detected? Well, in a manner they are, but it is not always due to a quick wit from others in the game. You know when a really smart player is at work there is not much sport in it for him, and he certainly earns what he takes off. He will be on the wire edge half the night, and while he seems to be as smooth as lightning he is having a mighty hard task and it's a case of all work and no sport. After a fierce run at the cards the sharper is likely to seek recreation in a game of faro, and in that he is pretty sure to quit loser in the end. He does not manipulate the pasteboards at the bank, and in time he will be flat. Then it is that he seeks a stake from some man whom he thinks he can trust. He may get the money to go in on, but the associate is not going to hold his tongue, and it inevitably happens that there is a case of squealing. And so it comes to pass that in a very short time the sharper is found out, is barred in the public rooms and forced to move to other cities, where he has about the same experience. If it were not for the fact that these people have to call in outside help they would not be so easily detected, and when you hear of a man being caught you can gamble that the wise detective was tipped off by some person who had been broached for a stake.

"Being old in the business, I have naturally become expert in many of the simple tricks, and I'll admit

is a big chance that I'll get a heart out of the four, and while the others are gazing at their hands it will be easy enough to switch and then come up again with a flush. To explain this trick a person not familiar with it might doubt my ability, but just try it yourself and see how simple it is. The rule in every game is to have the discard thrown together, but in how many rooms have you seen it otherwise?

"My long suit was in switching the decks after the man on my right had cut, and I've cleaned up a lot of money that way. About a year ago I was house player in an Albany room, and one night an old pal with whom I had worked in the West strolled in. It was a lucky visit. I was in hard luck and was trying to get enough money in my clothes to make a run to Gravesend, where I had a good thing. We had stopped the game for lunch, and while the others were busy with the food I was tipping off my pal. It was an old trick with us. There was no plug in the centre of the table for the kitty and I used a tin box, which was placed in a chair to my right. After every shuffle I had to feed the pig with one colored chip, and on my deal I always dropped it in after the cards had been cut. I'll admit I was an expert at the trick, and as I picked up the deck with my right hand I'd pick up the chip at the same time. Well, as I said, I was in hard luck, and I wanted to get money. In the chair with the tin box there were six or eight decks of cards. My pal fixed two of these, and I was prepared for the work. It came to my deal, the cards were cut, and as I picked up the deck I took the chip, dropped it into the box and at the same time switched decks. It was simple enough for me, but you couldn't do it in a year with one hand without being detected. Nobody saw the change, the cards appeared to have been properly cut, and I was ready to deal. Four good hands had been fixed. The man to my left got sixes and eights, the next got a pat straight, the third a full hand, and I got the same, but, of course, mine was the best. We were not taking any chances

on any player dropping out, so my full hand, king heading, was pat. The opener shot in a lot of red chips, the next man raised, the next made it hotter to play, and I stung 'em when it got to my say. Only one card was called for, and it went to the opener, who filled. With hands like those you would naturally expect rather steep betting, and there was no mistake this time. We raised and raised until I was finally called, and you should have seen the expression when I raked in the bunch. It was an hour later, however, when the same trick was repeated more cleverly than the first. The cards were fixed for the dealer to my left, and while I cut I picked up the deck and the chip, dropped the latter in the pig, and came up with the switch. It made me feel good all over to see how nicely it was done, without a player getting wise. I was afraid to attempt the same thing on my deal, and while I had the best hand on the next show down I was never suspected. I made a killing there, broke all the players, and quit many hundreds to the good.

"One of the cleverest sharpeners I ever met went under the name of Dr. Blink at the time, although he had

more aliases than tricks. I was in Charleston, S. C., that winter, and he was the most gracious man you ever met. He would never be taken for a poker player. Nothing in his dress or manner indicated it, and he

DECORATE YOUR PLACE

With the magnificent sporting supplements in half-tone of the great boxers, athletic champions and prominent actresses in costume. Six for 50 cents.

would talk on any subject except cards and sporting life. He got the title of Doctor because he was always prepared to prescribe for any person who was ailing. Well, this doctor was as smooth as they make them. His long trick was in marking the cards with his



Photo by Chickering: Boston.

LILLIAN HARVEY.

In this Picture She is Simplicity Personified.

thumb nails, making an impression so light that it could never be noticed, although it was plain English for him. After the cards had passed through his hands for a couple of deals he could spread out the deck, face downward, and call every card just as if the faces were turned up. The man must have spent years in acquainting himself with the blind alphabet, but it was clever. He always had a peculiar way of dealing, with a set of fingers that were quicker than the eye, and as he gave out each card he would glance at it as it hit the table. In this way he could tell just what each player had, and with a remarkable memory he could naturally clean up the entire stakes in the course of a short play. He was a mighty smooth dealer, for when his fingers would recognize the marks he would hold such cards as he wanted and give the 'second deal' to the others. In this way he held hands which were invincible, and he always won. By watching the hands given out by other dealers in the game he knew exactly when he held the best, and he bet accordingly. As it usually happens, Dr. Blink went broke in Charleston, and he was forced to take in a confederate in order to get another stake. The confederate got part of his winnings, but, like all men of his kind, he squealed. Oh, no, Blink didn't lose at poker, but he dropped about \$3,500 one night at the bank. It got out that Dr. Blink was a sharper and he was barred in all of the Charleston rooms.

"When he was not able to play the doctor waited around for a week for a chance and he finally got it. One night he seized an opportunity when the house player left a \$2 game, and the doctor walked in, bought a stack from the porter, and was welcomed by the players because he was not known. Honest as I tell you, the house player was not out more than fifteen minutes, but when he got back there was Dr. Blink sitting up behind checks worth \$300. He had marked the deck and won that amount in the few minutes the keeper was out, which was an illustration of his skill as a card sharper.

"While there are times when it is not wise to try anything queer on the players, there is always a swell chance when the men around the table are drinking. Dr. Blink, for instance, always had the bar boy bring him a 'silent milk punch,' which is a drink without the whiskey, and the players never suspected. They thought he was drinking punches along with them, but he was too wise, and there are hundreds of smooth people who do the same thing. It is ripe picking for the sober sharp who is up against a lot of drunken good things, and he can get away with not less than ninety per cent. of the goods. While I would not work any flim-flam on a sober player there are thousands of chances in a game with hard drinkers, and nothing is so easy as the double discard.

"The only time I was ever suspected of anything wrong was at a time when I was as innocent as you are. I dealt each man three on the very first deal, getting three aces myself. The man on my left got three deuces, and while every player had three of a kind the highest out, except my hand, was three tens. Not a single hand was bettered on the draw and on the call I threw down the three aces and took the pot. You should have heard the holler that went up. They all swore that I had cheated. The game broke up after that deal, but so far as I knew the deal was as square as any ever made. I don't think the same thing could be repeated in a seven-handed game in a thousand years."

ONE FIGHTER

AS A RULE

IN A FAMILY

Brothers of the Top Notchers Seldom Score Successes.

VERY FEW EXCEPTIONS.

Instances Where Families Fail to Furnish More Than One Good Fighter.

While many pugilists have brothers engaged in the Queensberry business it is seldom that more than one member of the same family achieves success in the squared circle. It seems that the fighting spirit is not sufficient to endow more than one member of a household with a championship.

Jim Jeffries' brother Jack is not a worldbeater. Tom Sharkey has a brother of the same name who has never done anything to speak of in the realms of fistiana.

Then there is Joe Handler, a brother to Jimmy, who is only considered a fair exponent of the manly art. "Kid" Carter's brother is also classed with the second-raters. Billy Gardiner, George's brother, is above the average, so is Eddie Gardner, brother to Oscar. Joe Walcott's brother has been fighting some time, with very little success.

The same is true of "Kid" McCoy's brother, Homer Selby. "Spike" Sullivan, brother to Dave, was once a crackjack, but has gone back lately. Billy Murphy had two brothers besides himself in the game. Jimmy is dead, but Tim still lives, and that's about all.

Abe Attell has a brother in "Frisco" who has done pretty well for a newcomer. Harry and Clarence Forbes are two good boys, but at the present time Harry is head and shoulders above Clarence from a fighting standpoint.

"Denver Ed" Smith made a good living at the fighting game, but his brother Paddy was never a big card. Johnny and Clarence Ritchie used to do pretty well for themselves in the fighting game, but both have gone back within the last two years.

Several years ago there were three brothers in St. Louis from the same family who were boxers. Their names were Dan, John and Charley Dally. This, however, does not come up to the Bezenah representation in the prize ring. There are four brothers of them still in active service, and one brother is dead. Andy and Gus Bezenah have made at least one hundred fights between them without having met defeat.

Terry McGovern's brother Hugh has retired from the ring before he really had a true test.

And thus it goes all along the line.

Our Halftone Photos.

Jesse James is one of Harry Klink's boxers. He is a featherweight and will fight McGovern, Young Corbett, Joe Gans or Jimmy Britt.

Here is the roster of the baseball team of Troop K, Fort Grant, Ariz.: C. F. Stone, P. Sands, Wilbur, Wartley, Ilce, Connors, Hundley, Gund and Hamilton.

Joe Yanger, who belongs to the South Broadway Athletic Club, of St. Louis, is in the opinion of his fellow members, a comer. He has had eight battles up to date and has won them all.

"Kid" Sweeney, of Minneapolis, Minn., is now working with Oscar Gardner, the "Omaha Kid," and is a comer in the featherweight class. Gardner thinks he is one of the best little fellows in the State. Sweeney is also a very clever bag puncher and punches three different bags all different ways.

There is a novel baseball team at Woodstock, Ill., composed of saloonmen and bartenders who have been playing a good game. The members are A. E. Coroin, James Guest, W. Schwambe, Ed Nelson, C. A. Stone, F. W. Kniebusch, Robert Wienke, H. W. Wright, C. C. Moore, J. F. Connors and Will Snyder.

DOGS OF HIGH DEGREE.

[SEE PAGE 12.]

Fitz can fight, there is no question about that. He is owned by Peter Schueter, of St. Louis, Mo.

Jim is a fighting dog of the best kind, and he looks it, too. His owner is Frank Lafferty, of Pottsville, Pa.

Lady Trump is a sprinter and the sports out in Central City, Col., are willing to go broke on her any time she performs.

Paddy is a thirty-two pounder, owned by Thomas C. Flynn, of Suncook, N. H. He is a good animal and ready for the pit on short notice.

Ben Tomlin, of Hartford City, Ind., who owns Jule, announces that he is ready to match her with any dog in the world at her weight. She has won four battles.

George Lawson, who now tends bar at the European Hotel, St. Marys, W. Va., owns Scotch, a fine trick dog, who has reached the ripe old age of twenty-two years.

Royal Sovereign is a pedigree dog from Merrie England. He has been a prize winner in many events, but is not a has been. George R. Parry, of 1603 Vine street, Philadelphia, Pa., is his owner.

SMART BARTENDERS.

Keep up-to-date and you will do this if you have a copy of Fox's "Bartender's Guide." It is full of good recipes and costs but 25 cents.



Photo by McJan: New York.

EVA TANGUAY.

The Breezy Westerner Singing Her "Sambo" Song in "The Chaperons."

I've played them at times. Every player is more or less familiar with the double discard. Well, I have seen some of the most expert poker fiends trapped with this sort of play, and it is done so quickly that they never suspect. For instance, in a game where I have four hearts, and with a good jackpot betting I'll naturally be anxious to fill. What do I do? Why, I put down the four cards, close together, to make them look like one, and I'll ask the dealer for four. There

more aliases than tricks. I was in Charleston, S. C., that winter, and he was the most gracious man you ever met. He would never be taken for a poker player. Nothing in his dress or manner indicated it, and he

SMALL ITEMS AND CHARACTER PORTRAITS OF STAGE PROFESSIONALS ARE PUBLISHED FREE OF CHARGE



Photo by J. B. Wilson, Chicago.

STARS OF THE ARENA.

THE DUMMECHASKS, A FAMOUS ACROBATIC FAMILY, WHO ARE NOW ON TOUR WITH RINGLING BROTHERS' BIG CIRCUS.



Photo by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

EDNA FLOYD.

RATHER DASHING, SINGS WELL AND IS VERY VIVACIOUS.



Photo by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

ELSIE RICHMOND.

BEAUTY IS UNQUESTIONED--SHE'S DEMURE, TOO.



Photo by Gove Milosauce.

VENUS ARNOLD.

SHE MAKES A CHARMING SAILOR LADDIE, AND COMIC OPERA IS HER FORTE.



Photo by White, New York.

A QUARTETTE OF DANCERS.

A. H. WINKEN, INSTRUCTOR, AND THE FOUR MADCAPS DOING THE EUROPEAN DANCING NOVELTY, AN EXCEPTIONALLY CLEVER TURN.



Photo by Henshel, Chicago.

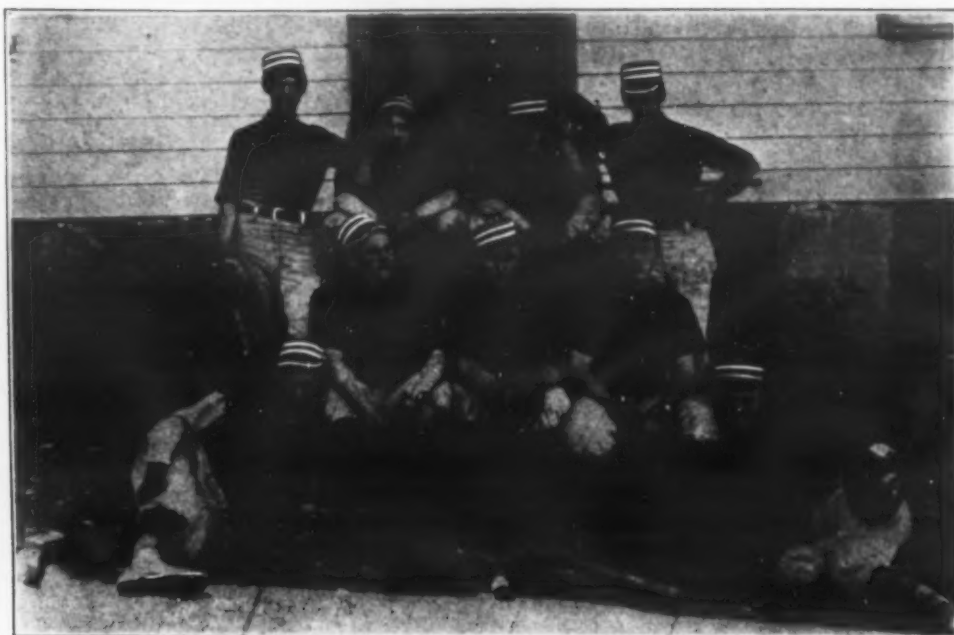
EDITH HARVEY.

TAKEN IN CHICAGO, WHERE FOLKS WEAR THEIR FURS IN THE SUMMER.



THE CINCO BASEBALL CLUB.

DIAMOND EXPERTS OF BOYERTOWN, PA., WHO ARE UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF ELAM MELLINGER.



ARMY BALL TOSSERS.

MEMBERS OF THE CRACK TEAM OF TROOP K, STATIONED AT FORT GRANT, ARIZ., WHO KNOW THE GAME.



H. PERRY.

THE ABLE AND EFFICIENT MARSHAL OF GILMAN, ILL.



"KID" SWEENEY AND HIS TRAINER.

A FEATHERWEIGHT OF MINNEAPOLIS, WHO IS AN UNUSUALLY CLEVER TRICK BAG PUNCHER.



B. DYKSHA.

PASSAIC, N. J., MAN WHO IS A SPANISH WAR VETERAN.



LOOKING FOR FIGHT.

TOMMY WALLACE, FISTIC EXPERT OF BROOKLYN, AND MAX HOPPE, HIS MANAGER.



SALOONMEN BALL PLAYERS.

A NOVEL NINE COMPOSED OF BARTENDERS AND SALOONKEEPERS OF WOODSTOCK, ILL., WHICH HAS WON MANY GAMES.

MONSTER RATTLESNAKE

READY TO STRIKE

COILED IN GIRL'S LAP

She Was So Fascinated When Discovered That She Was Unable to Move Hand or Foot.

HER LOVER SAVED HER LIFE BY A BULLET.

He Shot the Reptile and Overcame Her Father's Objections to Him as a Prospective Son-in-Law.

The killing of a monster rattlesnake under most sensational circumstances, in Burlington county, Texas, recently, had a most remarkable effect upon a love match, if the story is to be believed.

It is a thrilling story, and one that presents a feature that will doubtless interest scientists. Those who witnessed the whole affair are now pretty well convinced that reptiles possess some mysterious power that enables them, under certain conditions, to paralyze the will power of human beings as easily as they charm birds and small animals. In this instance the monster seems to have had complete control of its victim, and there is no telling what would have happened if help had not arrived at an opportune moment. The rattler is the largest of its species ever killed in Texas. A portion of its tail and probably several rattles were destroyed in the battle that ended its life. Twenty-six rattles were found. The headless body was longer than a man who stands fully six feet. It was shot under circumstances well calculated to have unnerved the arm of a veteran woodsman.

When first discovered the monster reptile was coiled upon a girl's lap. She sat as if she was paralyzed or

father. "Must I sit here and see my daughter bitten to death by that hideous monster?"

Dick thought that he could shoot the snake's head off. Would the old gentleman be willing for him to risk a bullet so close to his daughter's face? He was more than willing. "Be quick," he said, "and aim well. Save my child's life, Dick. For Heaven's sake, shoot quick, boy, if you love her!"

Fortunately, Dick is an accomplished athlete and one of the champion rifle shots of the State. Before the father had ceased speaking the young man had thrown his rifle to his face and touched the trigger. The crack of the gun was followed by a scream which caused the anxious observers to fear that the overconfident lover had wounded his sweetheart.

Through the smoke they could see the girl throwing her arms about wildly as she sprang to her feet. The bullet had gone straight to the mark, and the reptile's head was mangled. The Colonel was first to reach his daughter's side, and, while supporting her trembling body with one arm, he rained blows with his cane upon the squirming monster that had attacked his daughter and caused him so much agony.

Several moments passed before she regained her self-possession, and, although she was perfectly rational, she acted during the remainder of the day as if her mind was clouded.

Fortunately for those who feel an interest in the often disputed mysterious powers of reptiles, the victim of the attack is a well educated, sensible young woman, and she is able to recall every feature and describe the peculiar sensations that she experienced while the repulsive reptile was gaining control of her mind and paralyzing the movement of her limbs.

"I have certainly been charmed or hypnotized by a snake," she says, "and, although I was surely in a semi-conscious state of mind during at least a portion of the horrible ordeal, I could not move hand or foot or command my voice. I could plainly see the hideous monster, and feel the rays from its glittering black eyes burning into my brain, and I know it was drawing nearer and nearer my face every movement, but I sat as one under the spell of some horrible nightmare. I could hear my heart beat and feel the hot blood running through my veins, and often I tried with all my power to scream, but my voice died in my throat."

According to this girl's story, she must have endured one of the most horrible tortures that any mortal ever survived. She says that she had lingered behind a small party of boys and girls with whom she had strayed from camp, and that finding a shady nook near a pretty pool, she sat down on a ledge of rock for the purpose of trying to catch a trout. She remembers that she noticed two little eyes peeping from under a great boulder only a short distance away. Supposing that they belonged to some harmless little animal, she gave the matter only a passing thought. She afterward recalled that she was strangely fascinated by the steady gaze of the glittering little orbs. Though the angling was interesting, she found herself constantly turning her head to look at the little eyes. A restful, soothing feeling seemed to possess her when she looked into those two little living beads. Again and again she turned her head away and drew her hands across her eyes to break the hypnotic spell.

The fatal moment came when she looked once too often and lingered a moment too long. She was powerless to break the charm of those glittering black eyes. Slowly the monster reptile began to crawl toward its victim, gliding over the rocks as noiselessly as if it were moving across velvet. Not a sound broke the deathly silence as that sinuous form glided nearer and nearer, its basilisk, scintillating eyes seemed to emit flashes akin to the rays of a diamond.

"I was both asleep and awake," she says. "I was inclined to repose and yet shuddering with horror. All I could do was to sit and die by inches, and pray for my friends to come to my rescue. I heard them coming, but I could neither move nor shout. A mountain of horror was upon me, and the tongue and breath of Satan were in my face. The crack of that rifle was the sweetest music that ever fell upon my ears."

The girl is one of the reigning belles of the lower Brazos, and, being the only daughter of a rich cotton planter, it is perfectly natural that there should be many suitors for her hand. It had been suspected by the pretty girl's friends that the handsome young athlete had a warm place in her affections, but no one ever dreamed that she would ever overcome her own and her father's prejudices against a young man without any fortune, but with the nerve to act with promptness and to take desperate chances in an emergency of extreme peril.

"You came none too soon, papa," said the young girl when the battle was over, and her friends had collected about her in camp.

"None too soon, my daughter," was the reply, "but I

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deserve no credit. You owe your life to a young man whom I shall forever hold in high esteem."

The skin of the big rattler has been sent to the State museum, where the custodian will always have a story to tell that will please lovers.

MULHALL BEATS M'FADDEN.

Charley Mulhall, of Summit Hill, bested Fred McFadden, of Manayunk, in six rounds in the wind-up at the Art Athletic Club, Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 1. The bout was furious, but the sturdy miner had little difficulty in demonstrating that he was master of ceremonies.

The boys started out at a lively pace, and the first round was in favor of the local boy. After that Mulhall got down to business, and with left-hand jabs and short body blows he had McFadden more than once on Queer



Photo by Motes Athens

NELA M. PRENTICE.

Juvenile Member of the Famous Prentice Trio.

street. In the last round McFadden took a spurt and landed a number of stiff body blows on the Summit Hill boy's body, but that was not sufficient to overcome Mulhall's lead.

The preliminaries were all lively, with the exception of one bout. Young Locke and "Kid" Dillon boxed six fast rounds to a draw, Jack Williams bested Young Collins after a hard bout, Young Pearl did likewise to Young Adams, and Young Mooney injured his arm in the second round with "Kid" Lincoln, and the bout was stopped.

FOUGHT TO A FINISH.

In an old barn on Jerome avenue, New York, Sept. 28, Walter Robinson knocked out Jack Dugan, of Harlem, in the fourth round of a fight scheduled to go ten rounds. The men fought to settle a grudge of three years' standing.

Both were sluggers, pure and simple, and went in to end matters as soon as possible. Robinson was the aggressor in the first round, and floored his man three times, with right and left hand swings. It was nip and tuck up to the fourth round, first one then the other having a shade the best of it, when near the close of the round Robinson put a straight left to the face and crossed his right to the jaw. Dugan went down and out. Robinson was declared the winner. About 100 sports witnessed the go.

FELTZ KNOCKS DOUGHERTY OUT.

Tommy Feltz, of Brooklyn, knocked out Danny Dougherty, until recently the bantamweight champion, in the fourth round of a twenty-round battle, before the Savannah Athletic Club on Oct. 1.

The contest was very fast and clean. It was even up to the time the final blow landed. Dougherty was as fast as his opponent, and had the advantage for two rounds. In the third Feltz began to lead for the wind, though without gaining any advantage. In the fourth round the boys were fighting fast, but exceptionally clean, when Feltz found an opening, and like lightning sent a right to the point of the jaw, and followed it with a left to the stomach. Dougherty dropped to the mat and was counted out.

When Dougherty had been carried to his corner and revived, Feltz crossed over and the lads fell into each other's arms and kissed. Dougherty previously had defeated Feltz three times.

THE GREATEST PAPER.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: I wish to subscribe for your sporting paper the POLICE GAZETTE, the greatest paper of its kind in the world. Enclosed find \$1.00, my fee for the first thirteen weeks. Guess you are pretty busy, but hope you will notice this in time to send me one of your next issue. Yours truly,

THOMAS NESBIE, Co. A, 25th Infy.,
Fort Niobrara, Neb.

This Week's Illustrations

For a bonnet—or, if you like the word better, a hat—a girl of Harrisburg, Pa., who is pretty and accomplished, removed her shoes and stockings and rode a horse astride for a distance of one mile in the outskirts of the town, while her escort sat in the wagon to which the animal was harnessed.

A young woman who calls herself a dainty little comedienne and plays in Western vaudeville, is a most ardent and enthusiastic bicyclist. Where she goes her wheel goes, and so does her suit of bloomers.

She was playing a week's engagement in Yankton, S. D., recently and she spent a large part of her unoccupied time in riding about town. Her costume so impressed a couple of Indian women that they had bloomers made, too. Of course, they were not very handsome ones, nor did they fit well, but they were bloomers just the same.

What happened when the artist met them cannot be very well described except by an expert and the result of his work may be seen on another page.

BOXER'S SWIM

IN THE BRINY

WAS A LONG ONE

Tommy West's Experience as a Yachtsman.

FELL ASLEEP --- OVER.

If it Hadn't Been for Another Yacht He Would be a Dead Boxer.

Tommy West, the former welterweight champion prizefighter, is an old sea dog and has served his apprenticeship on board a merchantman. West came off victorious in the hardest battle of his life the other morning. Like his other fights, it was a tussle with hands and feet. There was no referee, though, no spectators, not even a policeman. He needed no bottle holder, although he got more washing off than he wanted. He had the whole Atlantic ocean for a ring.

West fell asleep about midnight on the deck of the yawl Kinaswa, when she was about three miles south of Norton's Point, the extreme western end of Coney Island. There was a brisk wholesale breeze blowing, and West was lying down at the tiller when he went to sleep. He was alone on board. The Kinaswa is so well hung that she will hold her course with lifted sheets. When West tumbled into the drink the boat kept on her way to Sandy Hook. The fall awoke West. He started after the boat. He is a powerful swimmer, and followed the boat for more than three miles before he came to the conclusion that it was a hopeless chase.

He was tired by this time, and realized that his safety lay in reaching the shore. But it was so dark that he couldn't lay much of a course.

"I'm not much afraid of the water," said West, "but I saw that something must be doing if I ever wanted to see home and the little ones again. My clothes weighed a ton by that time, and I took off my coat and let it go adrift. I had a watch and about \$4 in silver in my pockets. I stopped swimming, as it was no use to exhaust myself, and simply floated, in the chance of some passing yacht or working boat picking me up.

"Soon I had to let go my shoes and trousers. I took them off, holding on to the watch and silver, which I made fast to my undershirt. Then, eased of this weight, I floated and kept on top by slow paddling; but there was nothing in sight. I was getting cold, and came to the conclusion that if I wanted to keep alive I must swim to get up some warmth. I had finally to let go the underwear, and with it went the watch and the money. I hated to give up, but I had to or drown.

"I started, as near as I could make out, for the Coney Island beach. I knew that the tide must by this time be setting in that direction, and would carry me there if I could hold out long enough, and wasn't frozen to death. I don't know how far I got toward the Island, but just as day was breaking I saw a sloop bearing my way. I'm very fond of boats, but none ever looked so beautiful as that one did. She was a yacht with her owner and his wife on board. I managed to make them see me, and—well, here I am."

GUS ZIEGLER KNOCKED OUT.

Gus Ziegler was defeated in two rounds at the Criterion Athletic Club, Boston, Sept. 30, by Pasty Sweeney, of Manchester, N. H. After thirty seconds of hurricane fighting in the first round Sweeney landed a hard right on Ziegler's jaw and from that time on Gus was in trouble. The second opened fiercely with



Photo by Altman New York

HARRY WEST.

He's an Actor and an Entertainment Promoter.

Sweeney doing the forcing. A terrific uppercut on the jaw ended the fight after a minute and a half of the second round had elapsed. Dave Sullivan challenged Young Corbett for the championship after the latter was introduced.

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THE BARTENDER'S CONTEST IS BOOMING. THERE'S A CHANCE FOR ANY MIXOLOGIST TO WIN THE MEDAL

Now for an Amateur Champion

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF A WEIGHT LIFTING CONTEST, OPEN TO ALL, TO DECIDE THE TITLE?

How about those challenges?

Are you strong young men, who are in the "Police Gazette" physical culture contest, confident enough of your own abilities to take part in a weight lifting competition to decide the amateur championship of America?

If you are, let us know, and Mr. Fox will put up a trophy that will be well worth trying for.

Of course, it is understood that it will take place after

Nothing to do but write to us that you would like to be entered.

Send in a challenge, if you like, telling what you can do.

Let all amateurs unite in a great championship event, under the auspices of this paper and for the "Police Gazette" trophy.

In the meantime you will be interested in knowing that the judges are at work picking the winners in the

last round, and with a right and left jab to the face put his man down and out in the New York boy's corner. Griffo was picked up by his seconds and carried to his chair, where he finally came to. It was a clean knock-out for Tipman.

In the first round the fighters busted themselves in sizing each other up, during which considerable breaking ground was indulged in and few blows were struck. In the second round Griffo sent several vicious blows to Tipman's face and neck, which the latter cleverly blocked.

Griffo started in the third round to do business, and smashed Tipman in the face several times. The blows, however, lacked steam, and little damage was done. Tipman forced the fighting in the fourth round and made good with sharp, short jabs to the head and body. It was all Tipman's. Joe recognized his superiority in this round and started in for keeps. Griffo landed a straight punch to Joe's jaw, and that was his finish. Tipman went after him and planted blow after blow on his head and body, ending the bout with a right and left to the jaw which put Griffo down and out. Ed. Chamberlain, of the Cincinnati baseball team, refereed the fight.

In the semi-windup Jack McPartland, of New York, brother to "Kid" McPartland, was given a questionable decision over Baby Royal, of Brooklyn.

O'BRIEN OUTPOINTS CHOYNSKI.

"Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien defeated Joe Choynski, on Sept. 20, at the America Athletic Club, Chicago, on points. The battle was one of the cleverest ever seen in that city. Both men proved themselves past masters in the art of hit, stop and get-away. O'Brien, however, being much younger than Choynski, had a natural advantage which told on the veteran when the action got quickest, and the Quaker boxer was clearly entitled to the decision when the bell rang at the end of the sixth round.

The speed, youth and shiftiness of the Philadelphia fighter carried him along at a pace too fast for the veteran. Choynski had the advantage in weight and ring experience. He was supposed to carry a sleep-inducing rap in either hand, but Joseph couldn't deliver the goods. O'Brien was in and out like a flash, handing it to Choynski on the head and face and escaping with light returns.

In the sixth the fighters mixed it roughly and had the crowd cheering. There wasn't anything that approached a knockdown, and neither man bore visible marks of injury.

The opening bout was six rounds at 115 pounds between Hart's unknown and Eddie Harris. To the onlookers Harris had the better of the exchanges, but Referee Siler called the battle a drawn one, declaring that most of Harris' blows were delivered with the open glove.

Johnny Ruse and Fred Cillore then came on for six

most enthusiastically received and was repeatedly cheered. The four rounds were lively ones and brought out nearly all the blows and scientific movements known to boxing.

Among the distinguished persons who displayed great interest in the proceedings was Judge Emmett Field, whose injunction prevented the contest with Corbett from taking place. The private boxes were filled with distinguished citizens.

The ring which was erected at the Auditorium for the championship bout was kindly loaned by Captain W. R. Norton, and was pitched in the race course in front of the stand, where the maneuvers of the two clever boxers could be seen by everybody.

After the boxing exhibition Terry held a levee for an hour, and was introduced to the ladies and children, who crowded about in great numbers to shake the hand of the manly little fellow.

Mayor Grainger and all the other city officials and the directors of the Fair Association were present to witness the boxing exhibition, and occupied private boxes. Before donning the gloves McGovern made a speech, in which he said:

"I am sorry, indeed, the authorities would not permit me to meet Young Corbett here. I believe we could have demonstrated that boxing is not brutal. In all my contents I have never yet injured any one, and I, myself, have not suffered so much as a black eye."

This statement was loudly cheered. Manager Bob Gray, of the Southern Athletic Club, acted as time-keeper in the four-round bout which followed. It was a hot mixup. Terry was floored in the third round with a right-hander on the jaw.

RING EVENTS.

Terry Edwards outpointed John White in a six-round go before the Keystone A. C., Philadelphia, Pa., on Sept. 27.

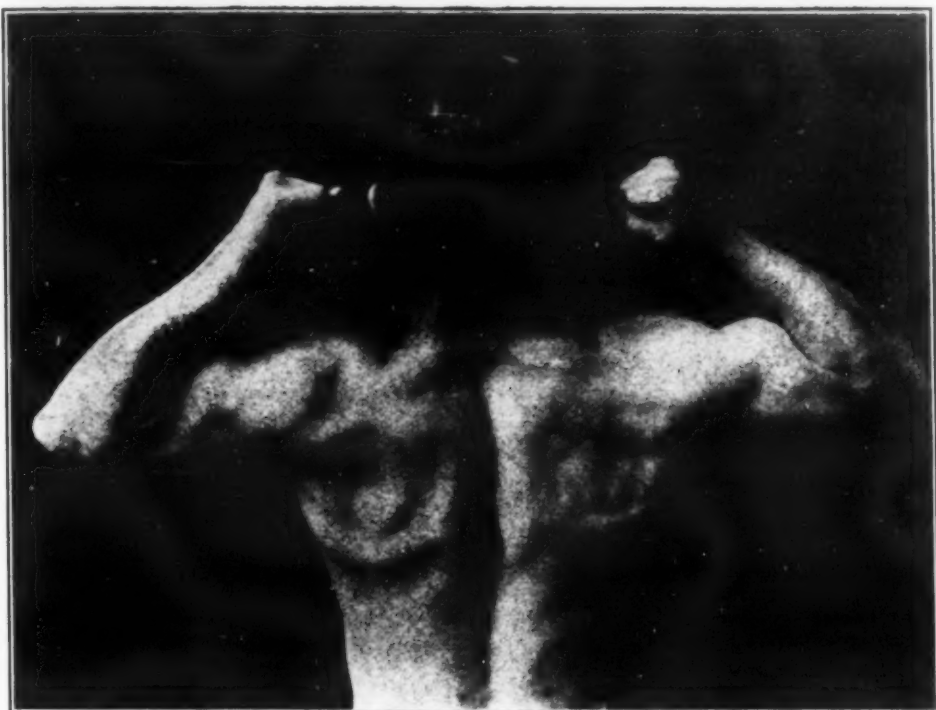
Danny Duane, of New York, was disqualified in the third round of his bout with Jack Ryan, a local man, at the Quaker A. A., Philadelphia, Pa., on Sept. 27, for hitting in the clinches.

Tim Kearns, of Boston, won the decision over Martin Judge, of Philadelphia, at the Chicago Athletic Club, on Sept. 27, at the end of a six-round contest. "Kid" Herman obtained the decision over Young Mowatt after six rounds of fighting.

NOTES OF THE WRESTLERS.

Charley Reinecke, the Pittsburg wrestler, defeated Art Smith, of Cincinnati, at Kenton, O., recently, taking three straight falls.

Jerry Donnelly, the Irish heavyweight wrestler, is practicing at Buffalo, preparing for the winter's campaign on the mat. His next contest will probably



WILLIAM ALBER of Columbus, Ohio.

the present affair has been concluded, which will be within a very short time now.

But we would like to know what your ideas are in advance.

The contest is for you, hence it is up to you to let us know what you think of it.

Understand, that in order to compete in the preliminaries you will not have to leave the town in which you live, so you will not be compelled to go to any great expense.

You will probably be asked to perform your feats in the presence of a committee of reputable persons, who will make their report to this office.

That would give everybody a fair chance.

In the finals it might be necessary to arrange a meeting, but that could very easily be provided for when the time came.

Of what good are your muscles to you if you don't use them?

Don't wait.

What can you do with that magnificent body you have developed.

What weight can you lift, and how do you lift it?

A quick and hearty response from the amateur athletes of America will have equally quick results, so far as Mr. Fox is concerned, and he will put up a trophy that can fitly be described as magnificent and extremely valuable.

It will be emblematic of the "Police Gazette" championship.

And there will be other prizes, too.

Not gold-plated trash, holding its lustre for a few brief months, and then giving way to the baser metal which lies beneath.

"Police Gazette" prizes are not that kind and never have been.

Nothing but virgin gold and sterling silver has ever borne the name of Richard K. Fox.

His gifts have stood all tests, for it is his motto to give well or not at all.

Let us have an amateur champion.

There is no one now who has a right to that title.

Many may claim it, but it has not been awarded in a contest.

It is time now.

No entrance fee to pay here.

physical culture competition and that the fortunate ones will soon be announced.

We shall, however, continue publishing the photographs of the contestants.

WRITE A LETTER

to this office if you can suggest any improvement in the POLICE GAZETTE. It is the best paper of its kind in the world, but we want to make it better.

WRESTLER ATLAS HURT.

Leo Pardello defeated Professor Atlas in a sensational wrestling match at Yonkers, N. Y., on Sept. 26, for a side bet of \$250. Atlas was the aggressor early in the bout and secured a fall in less than seventeen minutes. Pardello then gained a fall in twenty-one minutes, after the most desperate kind of wrestling. Atlas was severely injured internally.

In the deciding bout Pardello wrestled like a demon, and was frequently hissed for rough work. At the end of seven minutes the Professor's injury caused him such pain that he was compelled to cease and writhed in agony on the floor. The match was then awarded to Pardello.

STACY'S PHOTOGRAPHS.

The excellent portrait of Young Corbett which appeared on the front page of POLICE GAZETTE No. 1311, was taken at the Stacy Studio, Fifth avenue and Ninth street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Stacy has taken many photographs of boxers and he has one of the greatest collections in the country. He also took the picture of Tommy Ryan which appeared in the same issue.

DIXON DRAWS WITH CURLEY.

A stubborn contest was fought at Gateshead, England, on Sept. 29, between George Dixon, the American pugilist, and Will Curley, of Newcastle, for a purse of \$2,000. Having gone the full fifteen rounds, the fight was, by previous arrangement of the backers, declared a draw. Dixon had the best of the contest on points, but having agreed to a draw if both men were on their feet he had to be contented with half the purse.

GRIFFO PUT TO SLEEP.

Joe Tipman, of Baltimore, added another leaf to his wreath of laurels in the flat ring by knocking out Young Griffo, of New York, in the fifth round at Baltimore, Md., on Sept. 29. Griffo was beaten to the canvas and had to be carried from the ring. The blows were rained in so hard and fast on the New York lad that it was hard to tell which particular punch did the work. Tipman fought Griffo all over the ring in the

THE WHOLE WORLD

Can decide bets with the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual." It is an ace on pugilistic matters and costs but 10 cents. Fits in the vest pocket, too.



HENRY WALTERS of Burnett, Indiana.

rounds at 105 pounds. Ruse did the best work and got the decision, the bout going the limit.

Young Scotty then faced Tommy Smith in six rounds at 133 pounds. Scotty was too much for Smith. The latter was floored three times in the fifth round and was finally counted out.

In the semi-wind-up Mike Bartley, of Chicago, met George Monroe, formerly of New York, in six rounds at 118 pounds. Monroe got the decision.

M'GOVERN MAKES A SPEECH.

In the presence of a crowd of ten thousand people, among whom were many church members and ministers of the gospel, who so strongly and successfully opposed his meeting with Young Corbett, Terry McGovern boxed four rounds with his brother at the State Fair, Louisville, Ky., recently. The little fellow was

he with Martin Muldoon, the Ohio Græco-Roman champion, who recently challenged him.

Clarence Bouldin, the Cuban middleweight, is in Buffalo looking for a match with any man of his weight, or handicap with any heavyweight.

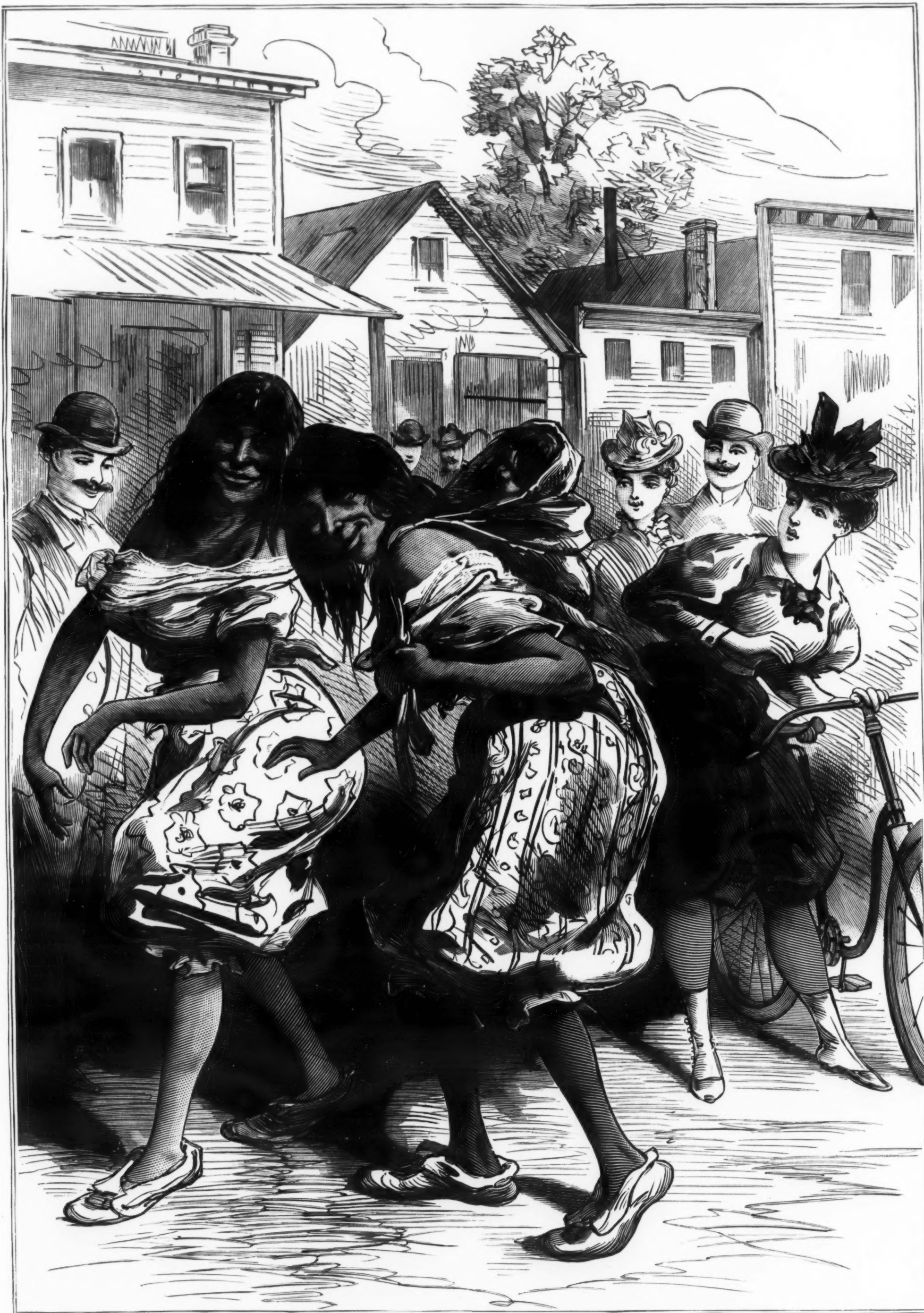
According to reports from Batavia, Tom Riley is working hard in preparation for his match with Walter Willoughby, the "Buffalo Lineman."

Johnny Hazlip, Buffalo's lightweight wrestling champion, has challenged Otto Kirchenbauer, the Cleveland champion, to wrestle for the championship of the two cities.

A CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST.

A gold medal for the best mixed drink, and gold coins for the next three. Keep your eye on page 11 and let us hear from you ambitious knights of the bar.

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SQUAWS WERE IN THE MODE.

A PAIR OF INDIAN WOMEN OF YANKTON, S. D., IMITATE THE COSTUME OF A VAUDEVILLE SINGER AND MAKE A HIT ON THE PUBLIC STREETS.



MITTS ON A MAN-O'-WAR.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE VESSEL SETTLED BY HEAVYWEIGHTS NEAR PROVINCETOWN, MASS.



DID THE TRILBY ACT.

HOW A DARING AND CHARMING YOUNG WOMAN OF HARRISBURG, PA., WON A NEW BONNET.

TOMMY RYAN AND JACK O'BRIEN

UGHT TO SIGN ARTICLES AND FIGHT

FOR THE MIDDLEWEIGHT TITLE

Quaker City Boxer's Victories Over Joe Choynski and Peter Maher Entitle Him to Consideration as an Eligible Opponent.

KID MCCOY READYING UP TO MEET FITZSIMMONS

Jim Corbett Still Pumping Hot Air--Big Fistic Carnival for 'Frisco---News of Jack Grace---Small Things Happening in the Fistic World.

After defeating Joe Choynski and Peter Maher in such a ridiculously easy fashion, "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien could hardly employ his time to better advantage than in getting on Tommy Ryan's trail and camping there until the fistic conqueror of easy marks decides to give him a fight. Thomas never was known to hanker after an even thing, much less one in which he has the odds against him, and it will be a long while before he will agree to let O'Brien weigh his normal weight, and that seems to be where the hitch lies in the failure to complete arrangements for a match. It is a fact, however, that no match could be arranged that would have a greater interest than a battle for the middleweight championship between "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien and Tommy Ryan. The most dangerous man in Ryan's path is the slugging Quaker, and the foxy champion cannot long deny him a fight. Ryan, beating about the bush and dodging the issue and sparring for time, by taking on easy marks, will be forced into a battle by public opinion. As the champion of England, and with a record behind him in his own country that rates him close to the top of his division, O'Brien is entitled to a crack at the middleweight title. From all accounts O'Brien just played with Peter Maher. While the practical victory over Maher is not strictly a sterling performance, it only emphasizes the fact that O'Brien is the closest contender for the middleweight championship, and should be given an early opportunity to demonstrate how he classes with Ryan.

Thanks are due to the eminent writer who is sending out that series of articles entitled, "Plain Food for the Aged." They will be read with interest by the growing army of pugilistic has-beens.

"Kid" McCoy realizes the necessity of keeping in the fighting game and contemplates an arduous campaign for the winter, beginning with Marvin Hart, of Louisville, on Nov. 10, and culminating with Fitzsimmons some time later. The match with Hart is just now engrossing the "Kid's" whole attention. They are to meet in the arena of the International A. C., at Fort Erie, near Buffalo, N. Y.

The battle will be for twenty rounds, and a purse of \$5,000 will be divided between the fighters, McCoy, presumably, to get the lion's share, inasmuch as he is regarded as the drawing card. The contest was arranged through Jack Herman.

"I am not yet matched to box Fitzsimmons," McCoy said, "but I hope to be. If present indications come out as I hope they will, Fitz and I will battle in California or at Fort Erie the second week in December. I have authorized Herman to sign articles for me. The Fort Erie Club is ready to put the bout on, and I think it is up to Fitz."

It wouldn't be Jim Corbett if he wasn't busy--wherever he happened to be--shooting hot air into the receptive ear of some over-credulous scribe. I don't

his bosom friend, Eddie Foy, had the nerve to say in Baltimore the other night, "touchin' on and appertainin' to" the same subject:

"Your city? Now, how can a man talk about any city who has lived in New York? 'Tis true, I might stand up here, as most actors do under the same conditions, and cut loose a few hundred pounds of hot air about your beautiful city and the hospitable inhabitants of the same--but what's the use of lying. On the dead, there isn't any place in the world like New York, and Broadway is the balancing point on the seesaw of the universe.

"When any mummer comes before the curtain and hands you a bunch of botanical conversation about the beauties of your city and people and how he'd like to live and play here in preference to all other towns on God's green doormat, why, he's just a common, ordinary garden variety of liar."

They're ain't no frills on Eddie!

Jim Corbett himself is the authority for saying that he and Jeffries will fight again for the championship and next May is the time this interesting affair will transpire. It might have happened earlier but Jim will be busy right up to that time gathering his little thousand "bucks" per week, telling personal anecdotes strung into an eleven minute talk called a monologue.

Pretty soft! Yes?

Corbett says, however, that if the fight fails to take place Jeffries may be held accountable. When I asked if he intended to take another crack at the Los Angeles giant he suavely replied:

"I'd like to, if Jeffries will meet me, but I tell you he doesn't want my game. I made him more trouble than anybody he ever fought, and with three months' training I think I can beat him in a twenty-five-round contest. But they may not give me a chance. I am not supposed to talk fight under my contract, but I can't help it when I hear a lot of four-flushing in the heavy-weight class.

"Confidentially, though, I've been in communication with Jeff through my brother Harry, and I don't mind telling you, but don't put it in the paper, that I will probably fight him in May.

"I know that there will be no trouble in arranging the details. The fight will take place, but whether it will be pulled off in 'Frisco or in New York State I do not as yet know for sure. We would both prefer to fight in New York, and if a bill which has already been drawn up to be presented at the January meeting of the New York Legislature becomes a law, as I have reason to believe it will, the fight will take place in the Empire State."

That was the line of conversation which Corbett handed out, and I give it to you for all it is worth.

Corbett's information about a boxing bill being presented to the New York Legislature and becoming a law, however, is a little out of line. There's no chance of such a law being enacted, and if Corbett really has

down to one available town, the opinion seems to gain ground that Tom Sharkey, when he announced his retirement, had a great head.

There is some talk of a big pugilistic carnival being held in San Francisco this winter in connection with the Corbett-McGovern bout, if it is brought off there. Among other contemplated attractions "Kid" McCoy is willing to meet Bob Fitzsimmons, while Jack O'Brien wants to wrest the title of middleweight champion from Tommy Ryan. McCoy and O'Brien have been approached by a prominent pugilistic promoter who has conducted several of the big affairs in 'Frisco, and they have promised to do their part if Fitzsimmons and Ryan can be induced to make the matches. The scheme would be to bring off the Corbett-McGovern contest the first night, followed the next night by the O'Brien-Ryan match, and winding up with McCoy and Fitzsimmons.

A "corker" if it can be sent through!

In a letter which I received from Jack Grace, the pugilistic globe trotter, a few days ago, dated Cape Town, South Africa, he said he "had a fight on and expected to get a piece of money out of it and was going to New Zealand." It may interest Jack's friends--and he has friends in every country on the globe where the English language is spoken--to know that he fought a man named Jack Lalor for the welterweight championship, and, as usual, was beaten.

An account of the "battle," which appeared in the *Chicago Times* of Sept. 1, sent me by Grace, reads as follows:

"Grace and Lalor entered the ring immediately after Barrows completed his record. They both looked fit, Lalor remarkably so. Rumors of 'fake' had got around the evening; they always do when the betting is mainly in favor of one man, and the boxers were keenly watched by judges, who were placed round the ring. Mr. J. C. Valentine officiated as referee. As

spective boxing partners could not have given any offense even to the moral snoopers who so successfully contrived to prevent their appearance together in a contest.

Seems to me that Sammy Harris, for once, overlooked a trick.

An article in the "Bangor Bugle" is commended to the attention of Bob Fitzsimmons. It treats of the "Art of Going: How to Get Out Before Your Friends Become Tired."

Col. Thompson's proposition to put McGovern and Corbett in a private ring for a \$10,000 purse, subscribed to by "twenty gentlemen," was interesting from the Col's point of view, but Terry treated it like a joke, while Corbett, who hasn't had the latter's experience in fanning away hot air schemes, thought it over but turned it down as soon as the impractical character of the project dawned upon him. He says: "I would just as willingly fight in the woods with bare knuckles as to accept such a proposition. It is stipulated that the fight shall take place in New York."

"We'd get into all sorts of trouble over it, and although Col. Thompson paints a rosy word picture about the profits that would accrue from pictures that might be taken, I can't see it. No, I don't see the \$10,000, though doubtless Col. Thompson could make up a little sum like that without any trouble."

Yes, on a slate!

Those Herford fellows are pretty sore losers. They've had an ace in the hole with Joe Gans so long that they don't seem to know how to take it when one of the "stable" fails to make good. Another instance of it happened in 'Frisco the other night when Young Peter Jackson, a certain person of color, who has been cutting large chunks of frozen aqua out of the pugilistic pond, went against a hard proposition--one Al Neill--and got the worst of it. Out came Maurice Herford's little typewriter--every sporting editor in the country



Photo by Krumhar: Cleveland O.

ONE OF HIS FAVORITES.

This is the Way Tom Jenkins Weakens a Man Until He is Ready to Put Him Down.

the fight went the rumors seemed to lack foundation, for the contest went the full twenty rounds, and Grace, who was defeated, took his punishment with much grit.

"Grace's fighting was in marked contrast to that of his opponent, for he tried to knock his opponent out by terrific swing blows, none of which, thanks to a sound defence and no inconsiderable amount of agility on the part of Lalor, ever found their mark. Lalor, on the other hand, was seldom the aggressor at the start; he appeared to lure Grace on, and then jab him on the jaw or the side of the head. When he did lead and land much of the effectiveness of his blows was lost on account of his breaking ground when in the act of striking. Grace tried to get Lalor to rush by feigning to be done, but Lalor declined to be drawn, and was content to score freely and gain the fight on points.

"In the first five rounds there was little or nothing done, and it was only later that the men warmed to the conflict. Then taking advantage of several openings, Lalor made strong running with hard left-handed punches on the mouth and jaw, and right-handed ones on the stomach. Grace, on the other hand, very rarely touched Lalor, and at half-way the latter looked like winning easily. In the tenth and eleventh rounds there was some spirited fighting. Grace got home on face and body, but he failed to get in his dangerous blow, the right-handed swing on the point. In the twelfth round Lalor sent a crushing blow on Grace's stomach, but afterwards gave him time to recover the force of the blow, and at the close of the round Grace scored on the jaw. In the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth rounds Grace rarely got home on Lalor, whereas Lalor put home some telling work on Grace's mouth and right eye, as well as one or two on the body. In the final stages Lalor had all the best of it, and it was apparent that unless Grace could knock him out he could not win. He tried hard to, but failed, although one swing only just failed by a couple of inches. At the finish the referee declared Lalor the winner amid much applause."

Grace certainly gets away with many a one of "them."

Instead of roasting the late deceased "One-Eyed" Connolly we ought, I suppose, be lamenting his departure, remembering all the while the general amusement he furnished. John was always such a cut-up, anyway.

The current rumor that Young Corbett has "blown in" all the money he made by beating McGovern and his subsequent appearances before the public seems to have nettled the young Denver fighter and he makes a strenuous denial of the truth of the story.

It may be so! It may be so!! However, Terry McGovern, who is himself pretty easy on the "sugar" side, did a manly act when he heard the report. He went to the champion and offered to help him arrange for a benefit in which he would take part without recompense. The offer was declined, so the story goes, but why? Quite a piece of change might have been gathered in at Louisville, where the appearance of the two little gladiators in exhibition bouts with their re-

can tell you what this combination is capable of--and the following communication for general distribution made its appearance forthwith:

"SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Sept. 27, 1902.

"Eddie Graney gave Al Neill the decision over Young Peter Jackson at the end of the twentieth round Friday night. Jackson knocked Neill down three times during the night, and nearly all the fair minded people thought that the referee would have been robbing Jackson if the bout was called a draw. Neill was nearly out at the end of the twentieth round. The house was packed. The betting made Jackson the favorite at odds of 10 to 8.

Graney, who officiated in the recent encounter between Fitzsimmons and Jeffries, and is spoken of as one of the most capable referees on the coast, and a good, square, all around fellow, will be pleased when he reads Herford's kick.

"So brutal an exhibition as two healthy lads would furnish boxing with soft gloves on their hands was more than the gentlemen from Kentucky could stand for, sen. When differences arise, sah, between two gentlemen, it is brutal to ever think of using your fist, sah. What you want to do is to get your gun. That is the proper mode of defense and is advocated by all the cartridge manufacturers, as well as the National Undertakers' Association.

"Boxing contests were never before interfered with in Louisville until some of the wooden nutmeg makers made the discovery that such exhibitions were brutal and detrimental to the welfare of the commonwealth. Strange, isn't it, that the gentlemen of Kentucky never took offense at such little things until some of the Eastern geezers called their attention to it?

"Boxing contests and courts do not mix well. The man who will invent something to bring the two together has made his fortune.

"All that Terry and Corbett accomplished was to train two months for a few games of ball.

"The reason prize fights are against the laws of Kentucky is because the contestants have to face each other.

"Well, there won't be any more reports from the training camps for a while, anyway."

Some of Col. Hammer's musings.

SAM AUSTIN.

PUGILISTIC NOTES.

Terry McGovern expects to meet either Tim Callahan or Benny Yanger at an early date.

"Kid" McCarthy, the hack driver champion, of Buffalo, is open to box any 130-pound man, Harry Cobb preferred.

Frank Erne, who has been matched to meet Jimmy Britt, of California, at San Francisco in November, will train for the mill at West Baden Springs.

BARTENDER'S GOLD MEDAL.

Is a most beautiful specimen of the goldsmith's art, and the best new drink wins it. Other prizes in gold. New drinks published every week.



Photo by Krumhar: Cleveland O.

A HEAD TWIST.

Champion Wrestler Tom Jenkins of Cleveland About To Put His Man to the Mat.

believe there's a town in the country that Corbett hasn't said it was "just the place he intended to build a home" and live out the remainder of his existence at soon as he gave up the strenuous labor of trying to keep before the public. The usual tale floated in the other day from Milwaukee, Wis. It said:

"There is a strong possibility that James J. Corbett may accept a proposition made to him when he was last week to manage a hotel. The plans arrange for a general overhauling of the house in question with the addition of a gymnasium. It is to be virtually a first-class hostelry and physical culture school combined."

New York got the same story a month ago. Next! In contradistinction to what Corbett says read what

any expectation of meeting Jeffries the sooner he gets within speaking distance of the Golden Gate and becomes acclimated the better his chances of winning will be. San Francisco holds the key to the pugilistic situation just as it did years ago when public boxing first became the vogue.

Now that the lines are being drawn tighter and tighter about the pugilists and the facilities for meeting each other in the roped arena have narrowed

FOR DOG FANCIERS.

"The Dog Pitt," the most reliable work published, contains the "Police Gazette" rules. Price, 25 cents. Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Sq., New York.

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When You Are in Doubt Ask Us to Verify Your Opinion Before You Make a Wager---We Settle All Kinds of Bets.

Irvin, Kenosha, Wis.—High and low go out first. J. B. and G. E., Freeport, Ill.—Pitch; if A deals, B bids 4; C passes, dealer takes the bid away from B, who has the bid? Dealer.

O. B. P., South Cumberland, Md.—Pitch; A is eight, and B is ten in an eleven point game; A bids



Photo by Rice & Fromm: Milwaukee.

JESSE JAMES.

He Has Challenged Joe Gans and Jimmy Britt.

three and makes low, Jack, game; B makes high; which goes out?.....B.

J. J. C., Milwaukee, Wis.—Smear; two-handed; A has nine; B has eight; A bids one; B bids two; A has high; B has low, game?.....High wins.

H. B., Duluth, Minn.—Seven-up, ten points; both players are eight apiece; A makes high and game; B makes low and Jack; who wins?.....B wins.

O. C. G., Mullan, Idaho.—Razle-dazle dice, aces pair to everything; A shakes four aces and a deuce, making five deuces; B shakes five aces. Which are high?.....Five aces high.

J. W. M., Staunton, Va.—In a game of draw poker; after the cards are once dealt and the pot opened, has any player got the right to have the cards cut before the hands are helped?.....No.

H. R. L., Zanesville, O.—A bets that the high hand in stud poker can pass and still retain his hand and call bet after passing; B bets his hand is dead. Who wins?.....He can pass and then call any bet.

M. R., Trout Lake, Mich.—Auction pitch; A is 8; B is 9; A bids 3, plays and makes high, low, game, which makes him out; B makes Jack before A makes game which makes him out. Which wins?.....A wins.

C. S., Sekitan, O.—A, B, C, D and E are playing a game of draw; A aces; B plays; C says he will stay the bet; D plays; E plays; E says C has got to put in or C can't play; does C have to put in to play?.....Yes.

Reader, Harrison, N. J.—Euchre; A deals and turns up the trump; B takes up his cards, looks at them and claims it was his deal; A bets that he cannot claim his deal after he looks at his cards and the trump turned up?.....A wins.

M. B. Tice, Buffalo, N. Y.—A bets B that in a three-handed game of euchre if one takes it up and gets euchred, the other two only get one point each; B bets that the other two score two points each; who wins?.....B wins, two points each.

J. W. Y. & Co., Globe, Ariz.—Casino, twenty-one points; A starts the last deal with sixteen points, and B seventeen; B has cards, spades and big casino on the last deal, but A calls game first with the remaining five points, viz., little casino and four aces; who wins?.....A wins.

Kennassaw.—A, B, C and D are playing poker; A deals; B opens the Jack pot; C and D stay; in

the draw B stands pat; C draws one card; D draws one card; B bets; C and D pass; in the show down C and D find that B has opened without a pair; D has aces and Jacks and claims the pot; who wins?.....Must be played over.

A. J.—Three-handed sweepstakes game, two men betting on high score; neither man plays anything on first hand; on next hand the dealer, which was one interested, turns Jack, and man which played four in previous hand gives card and goes out by having the deuce?.....The Jack wins.

E. K., Whiting, Ind.—Bottle pool; A bets B that if B knocks bottle off table and makes a scratch at same time he does not lose game and B bets he does? Sixty-six; A bets B if he gets four nines he can call a new deal or call it a misdeal; B bets he cannot?.....1. Does not lose the game. 2. B is right.

L. G. B., Galena, Ill.—Pitch; B is 8 and K 10; B bids 2, gets the bid and makes high, Jack, game; K makes low. Who wins? Pitch; can the first man bid 4 and start the play or must he wait until the bid goes around to the dealer, and can the dealer take the bid if he wishes?.....1. K. 2. Dealer can take bid.

N. F., Jr., Mill Creek, Mich.—In a two-handed game of cribbage A plays three; B plays a three and pairs A; A plays a four, and B plays a five and makes a run of three and a fifteen-two. A plays a deuce and claims a run of four; B plays an ace and A claims B has made a run of five; A plays a six and claims a run of six; is he right?.....All right.

O. S. S. C., Chicago.—Sixty-six; three-handed; A bid 100, B passed and C bids 105; A leads off with twenty in hearts, B plays the ace and C the nine; B leads back twenty in diamonds, C again plays the nine and A has the ace, making sixty-six before C gets a point; C now can get all the rest of the tricks and meld forty, making 132; who gets the points, and how many?.....C wins, as he scored his bid.

N. F., Jr., Mill Creek, Mich.—In a two-handed game of cribbage A leads a trey and B plays a trey and pairs him; then A plays a four and B plays a deuce and claims a run of three; does B have a run of three? Then A plays a five and claims a run of four; is he right? Then B plays an ace and claims a run of five; is he right?.....1. B has a run of three. 2. A has a run of four. 3. B has a run of five.

W. C. H., Boiling Springs.—In a game of poker; A opens a pot; B stays and all the others drop; B draws one card and fills a straight; A stands pat and bets the limit; after a couple of raises B calls; A lays down 4 hearts and 1 diamond and says he made a mistake and thought he had a flush to open on; B claims that the pot is his with the exception of the antes of the other three players; A claims that A and B should draw down the money which they had bet and let the pot go on as though it had not been opened?.....B's claim is correct.

J. A. W., Denver, Col.—A, B, C, D and E engage in a game of draw poker; E is dealing; all Jack pots; the pot is 50 cents; A opens the pot for \$1 without a pair; B stays on a pair of kings; C, D and E lay down their hands; A draws cards and does not make a pair; B draws and don't help his kings; A bets \$3; B says that is good or doesn't call the \$3 bet; A shows his hand and has no pair. Who wins the opening and let money and what becomes of the original pot?.....A loses the money he opened the pot for but not his bet, and then the money is played for again.

W. S. B., Brooklyn.—Poker; four players; Jack-pot; A deals; B cannot open; C opens for the limit; D raises and A drops; B and C stay; after the draw C bets the limit; D raises; B stays for the raise; C raises; D calls and B drops; C says "I have three kings" and shows them; D says "that's good," and is about to throw his hand in the deck when B asks him (D) to show his hand; D replies that he will not show nor cannot be compelled to do so by the rules as he does not claim the pot and that he (D) called C's hand; B bets D that inasmuch as he (D) called he must show his cards as well as C, who was called by D?.....D must show his hand.

BASEBALL GOSSIP.

Shortstop Wallace was offered \$21,000 for a three-year contract by the Cincinnati Club.

Bill Kennedy, the former Brooklyn pitcher, is dying of consumption at his home in Bellaire, O.

Jack Ryan has signed to continue his membership with the Cardinals. Ryan has caught uniformly good ball.

This is reported to be Hughey Jennings' last season on the diamond, as he intends to retire and devote his time to business.

Bill Carrick, who jumped New York and joined Washington two years ago, has expressed a willingness to join the Reds.

Connie Mack has proven himself to be one of the greatest managers of either league by the masterly way he has handled "Rube" Waddell. This eccentric pitcher has been tried by nearly all of the big man-

BOXING IS EASY

"Boxing and How to Train" is an authentic and reliable book on the subject. It is fully illustrated. Price only 25 cents.

agers, but no one has ever been able to get as much work out of him as Mack.

Seybold has made the most home runs in the American League, Williams is the three-base champion, while Delehanty has cracked out the most doubles.

Cy Young won thirty-two and lost eleven games for the Boston Americans this season. Rare



JOE YANGER.

Clever Boxer of the S. Broadway A. C., St. Louis.

work for a veteran of nearly a dozen years in fast company.

Hans Wagner, of the Pittsburgs, is said to be worth upward of \$10,000. He has his money deposited in four different banks, so that in case one bank goes up he will have some cash left.

If Pat Donovan wears a uniform at all next season he will be found true to the Cardinal colors. "No American League people have approached me," says the St. Louis manager, "and I wouldn't talk to them if they had."

WANT A FREE BOOK?

Send for our premium list. It will interest you because it has interested thousands of others during the year.

"KID" MCCOY TO MEET HART.

"Kid" McCoy and Marvin Hart are to battle before the International A. C., of Fort Erie, on Nov. 10. McCoy stopped off in Buffalo recently and sought out Jack Herman, the manager of the International A. C. The Hoosier and Herman held a long conference, during which the "Kid" agreed to box any middleweight in the world, in the arena of the International A. C.,



Photo by W. Laves Caney: Pietermaritzburg, South Africa.

AN AMERICAN IN SOUTH AFRICA.

John R. Parker of the Theatre Royal Bar, Durban, Natal, S. A., who is one of the Contestants in the Police Gazette Bartender's Contest.

on the night of Nov. 10. After the confab it was announced by both McCoy and Herman that Marvin Hart would measure blows with the "Kid" for twenty rounds on that date. They box for a purse of \$5,000. The weight has not been agreed upon.

"Have I been matched with Fitzsimmons?" said McCoy. "No; I expect to be, though. If present indications come out as I hope they will, Red Robert and I will battle at Fort Erie the second week in December. I have authorized Herman to sign articles for me. The Fort Erie Club is ready to put the bout on and I think it is up to Fitz."

WHO WILL WIN

PRIZES IN GOLD AND

BARMEN'S MEDAL?

The "Police Gazette" Contest is an Assured Success.

RECIPES POURING IN.

Clever Mixers in Foreign Lands Are After the Trophy.

Talk about success. This bartenders contest has proved to be the biggest kind of a hit.

It has started the good fellows behind a thousand bars hustling.

Recipes are coming in with every mail, and so are the letters from the drink mixers, and in every letter there are words of praise.

A man from Seattle, writes:

"I've been out of the world for eleven months, but I'm back to civilization now, and I found the POLICE GAZETTE on the first news-stand that I came to, waiting for me like an old friend. I bought it and read about the contest and I'm going to send you a recipe that I hope will win a prize."

"Good luck to you."

We have recipes from what might be called the four corners of the globe, beginning at South Africa and ending in the Philippines.

If barmen in those far off lands think it worth their while to compete, don't you believe their colleagues nearer home ought to get into the game?

Of course.

No good now of telling you the why and wherefore. The mention of the medal and the prizes will be sufficient.

And then every recipe sent in will be published.

If for no other reason this paper ought to be in the hands of every man who caters to the public palate and assuages the public thirst.

He can learn something from it.

If you think you are too old or too wise to learn anything then the world has no use for you, and you must not complain if you are left at the post in the race for a livelihood.

Do you know too much?

Of course not.

Then take the POLICE GAZETTE and learn something from its columns.

See what other bartenders in the world are doing.

Read the recipes of the drinks they are making.

Man's capacity for learning something is unlimited.

The Queen of England was an old woman when she took up and mastered the study of the Hindustanee tongue.

No one ever questioned her wisdom.

The more you know the more you are worth to the man who employs you, and if you ever expect to be advanced—financially or otherwise—you must keep on learning things.

In the case of bartenders, that means the study of new drinks, and all it will cost you is ten cents a week. A cheap education, truly.

HELL'S FIRE COCKTAIL.

(By W. J. O'Brien, Billy's Place, Alturas, Cal.)

Dissolve one spoonful sugar in juice of one-

half lime; shaved ice; two dashes Tabasco

sauce; two dashes Angostura bitters; two

dashes Creme-de-Cacao-Chuao; two dashes

Creme-de-Menthe; one-half wine glass whis-

key; mix in mixing glass; strain in cocktail

glass; serve with toothpick stuck in olive

and set on edge of glass.

THE COCKER'S GUIDE.

If you want to know how to breed, feed and train game cocks send 25 cents to this office for this book, which is a recognized authority on the subject.

ORDER OUR NEXT ISSUE IN ADVANCE---A STUNNING HALFTONE SUPPLEMENT IS GIVEN AWAY---DON'T MISS IT

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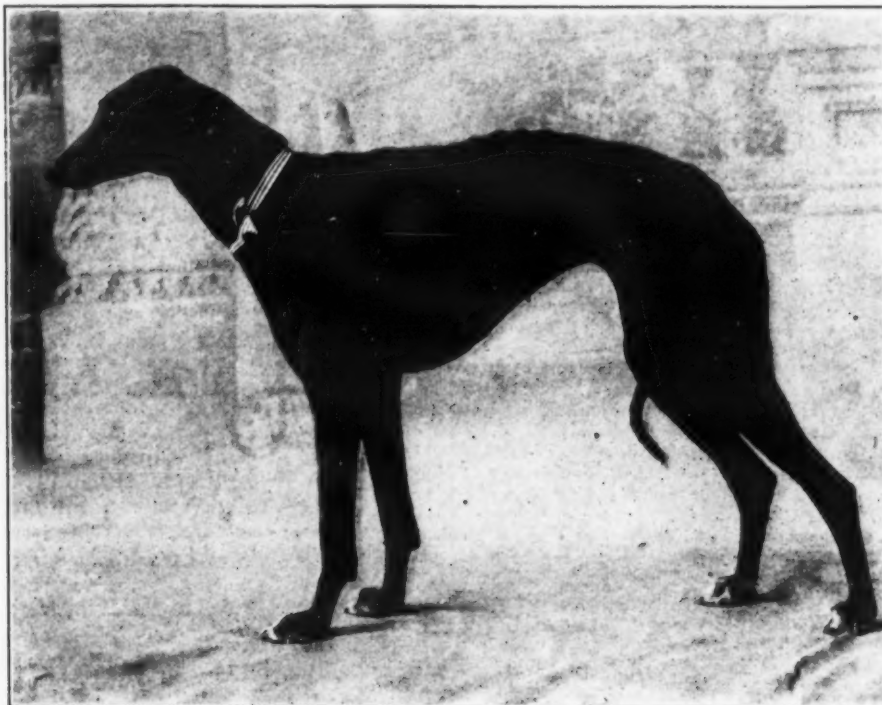
IMPORTED PRIZE WINNING ENGLISH BULLDOG OWNED BY
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**PADDY.**

THOMAS C. FLYNN, OF SUNCOOK, N. H., WILL MATCH HIM AGAINST
ANY DOG AT THIRTY-TWO POUNDS.

**JIM.**

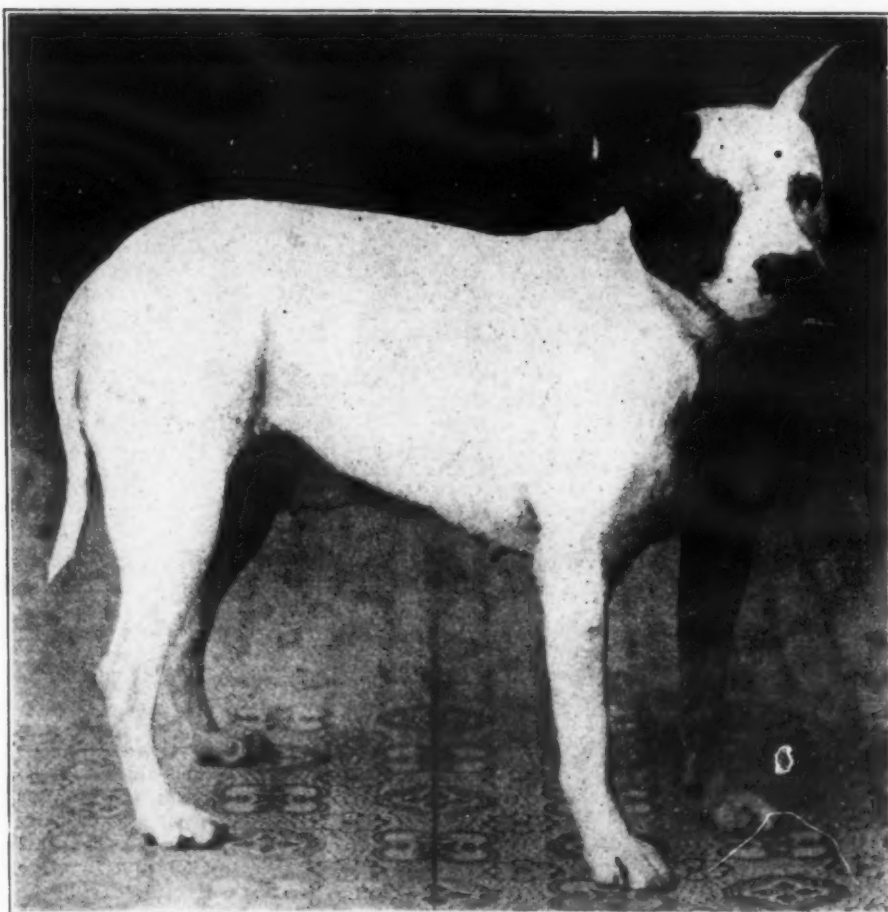
LAFFERTY'S UNDEFEATED FIGHTER
OF POTTSVILLE, PA.

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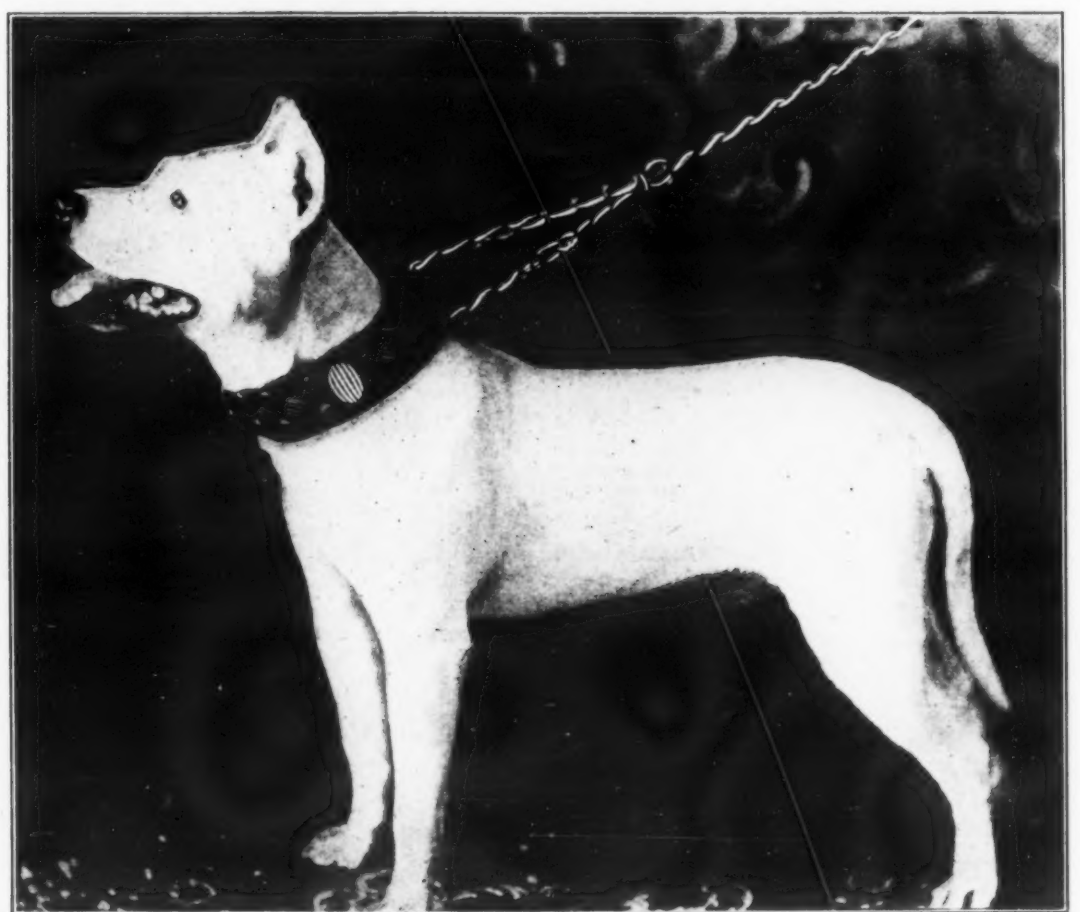
A FAMOUS GREYHOUND OF CENTRAL CITY, COL., WITH
A GREAT RUNNING RECORD.

**SCOTCH.**

THIS TRICK DOG IS OWNED BY G.
LAWSON, ST. MARYS, W. VA.

**JULE.**

A TWENTY-EIGHT POUNDER, READY TO MEET ANY
DOG IN THE WORLD AT THE WEIGHT.

**FITZ.**

HE'S A FIGHTER WITH MANY BATTLES TO HIS CREDIT AND IS
OWNED BY PETER SCHLUETER OF ST. LOUIS, MO.



LOUISE WILLIS.

SHE'S A MOST CHARMING AND WINSOME PRIMA DONNA WHO POSSESSES ALL THE REQUISITE ACCOMPLISHMENTS FOR A BRILLIANT STAR.

PROMINENT SALOONMEN

F. H. Coon, Expert Drink Dispenser,
of Prescott, Ariz.



F. H. Coon is employed in the Hotel Kastner bar, at Prescott, Ariz., where he is well known. He is an expert mixer and has worked in many of the principal hotels in the West.

PERSONALS.

The Rest Easy Sample Room, 319 Fourth street, Milwaukee, Wis., is patronized by the elite of that city.

Messrs. Kelly and Dunn keep a swell sample room at 210 Third street, Milwaukee, Wis., which is patronized by all the sports.

The Gray Eagle Saloon, 967 McMillan street, Cincinnati, O., is owned by Ed. Altheer, who is a genial fellow and a thorough sport.

Billy McKinstry and A. Kummer, proprietors of the Eldorado Sample Room, 191 Second street, Milwaukee, Wis., are good fellows and well versed on sports of all kinds.

Evans' Ale

NEW RECIPES RECEIVED.

T. F. Grant, Newark, N. J., Jersey Flip; E. L. Scarritt, Faust, N. Y., Club House Morning Glory; N. H. Champion, Utica, N. Y., Sour; Geo. Flammer, Washington, D. C., Early Riser, Senate Toddy; Geo. Schneider, Piqua, O., Loop the Loop Flip; John Miles, Sioux Falls, S. D., Irish Daisy; J. M. Robinson, Spokane, Wash., Foxy Grandpa; James N. Ross, Parkway Glen Fliz; Dan Love, San Francisco, Roosevelt Cocktail; L. O. Curtis, Quincy, Ill., Morning Bracer; Harry M. Clark, Champaign, Ill., The Illinois; John F. Sheban, Norfolk, Va., Brain Duster, Bear Bracer; Peter F. Sinder, St. Paul, Minn., Rum Ditty; Bob Bader, St. Paul, Minn., Eagle Punch; J. L. Hruska, Cameron, Tex., Bouillon Punch; E. A. Hartgen, Reading, Pa., Eagle's Delight, Eagle's Punch; Chas. O'Connell, Cincinnati, O., Sissy Cocktail; H. H. Harfield, Babylon, L. I., Babylon Night Cap; Philip Caraher, Washington, D. C., Jeffries Punch.

GOOD BOXING AT LANCASTER.

Dan McConnell, of Camden, N. J., and Joe Hanrahan, of Lancaster, fought six rounds at the latter town on Sept. 30. McConnell had the best of things, but failed to make the showing expected of him.

Joe Kemp knocked out Clyde Royer in the fifth round of the preliminary.

SOME GOOD FIGHTING.

In a fast and exciting bout, Billy Maynard, of New York, and Crockey Boyle, of Philadelphia, went the prescribed six rounds to a draw on October 2 at the Broadway Athletic Club, Philadelphia, Pa. Maynard was the aggressor in the majority of the rounds, but Crockey generally met the New Yorker's rushes with stiff left jabs that on more than one occasion had Maynard up in the air. Billy used both hands to advantage, and while he landed a number of good punches, he missed several wicked swings by overeagerness.

Boyle's left was in evidence in the third round. Maynard had slightly the best of the fourth after a furious three minutes, in which both were pretty tired. The fifth and sixth, while lightning-like in action, were very evenly balanced in the fighting.

Two good men met in the semi-windup when Fred McFadden and "Kid" Stein shaped up. There was plenty of action in the eighteen minutes, with Stein slightly the better of the two. McFadden left too many openings in his eagerness to get at Stein, and the "Kid" was not slow to take advantage of the opportunity offered. Stein did his most effective work in the clinches on McFadden's body. Fred's best punch was a left to the face.

Three fast bouts furnished the preliminaries. Tom Coleman sent Jack Cummings to dreamland in the first round after two minutes and twenty seconds of mulling. "Shadow" Morris had a shade on Vernon Campbell after a slashing go, and Billy Willis, by a hurricane finish in the last round defeated Pete Burk. Burk had the best of the go until the last round, when Willis turned the tide in his favor by scoring three knockdowns.

Weak Men Cured Free

Send Name and Address To-day—You
Can Have It Free and Be Strong
and Vigorous for Life.

INSURES LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME.

How any man may quickly cure himself after years of suffering from sexual weakness, lost vitality, night losses, varicocele, etc., and enlarge



Health, Strength and Vigor For Men.

Small weak organs to full size and vigor. Simply send your name and address to Dr. Knapp Medical Co., 709 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and they will gladly send the free receipt with full directions so any man may easily cure himself at home. This is certainly a most generous offer and the following extracts taken from their daily mail show what men think of their generosity.

"Dear Sirs:—Please accept my sincere thanks for yours of recent date. I have given your treatment a thorough test and the benefit has been extraordinary. It has completely braced me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy and you cannot realize how happy I am."

"Dear Sirs:—Your method worked beautifully. Results were exactly what I needed. Strength and vigor have completely returned and enlargement is entirely satisfactory."

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Charles Leonhard, of Newark, N. J., aspirant for the wrestling honors that Dan McLeod of Hamilton Ont., cornered, was staved off by the sturdy Scot at Worcester, Mass., on Oct. 1. McLeod won in straight falls in 4:22 and 19:33, his favorite combination, crotch and half Nelson, being used.

CODY AND NEARY FOUGHT A DRAW

Tom Cody, of New York, and Charley Neary, of Milwaukee, fought six fast rounds, which was declared a draw, before the Badger Athletic Club on Oct. 4 at Milwaukee, Wis.

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TONSORIAL NOTES.

Louis Berle has a neat shop at 406 First avenue, New York city, and employs only experts.

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Miranda's tonsorial parlor, 30-32 Myrtle avenue, is one of the neatest shops in Brooklyn. Expert barbers always in attendance.

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Robert McKune has the busiest shop in Asbury Park, N. J., which is located at 719 Madison avenue. He is a great admirer of the POLICE GAZETTE and has the "Gazette" supplements neatly framed, giving the place an attractive appearance.

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For gradually darkening the hair.

Fifteen grains Sulphate of Iron (green); crushed; five grains distilled Verdigris; one-half pint good white wine; enough Eau de Cologne to scent; mix thoroughly; use the same as Dye Wash.

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To be used when hair is too moist.

One fluid drachm Essential Oil of Almonds; one-half fluid drachm Oil of Cassia; one-half fluid drachm Essence of Musk; two and one-half fluid ounces rectified spirit; mix and add gradually, with brisk agitation, sixteen ounces distilled water, in which has been previously dissolved one ounce of the finest gum arabic. In using, the hair and scalp is slightly moistened with the liquid, and the hair is at once arranged, without wiping, while still moist.

—From Fox's "Barber's Book of Recipes." Price 25 cents.

GEORGE M'FADDEN DEFEATED.

Charley Sieger was awarded a decision on points over George M'Fadden, of New York, on Oct. 4, before the Eutaw Athletic Club, at Baltimore, Md. Both men were surprisingly strong at the end and looked fit to go the distance again. Little injury was done by either boxer, but Sieger proved the shifter and better ring general.

THE BELL SAVED MAHER.

Jack O'Brien, the Philadelphia middleweight, who last year won the championship of England, and Peter Maher, the Irish heavyweight, fought six rounds before the Ariel Athletic Club, Philadelphia, on Oct. 3.

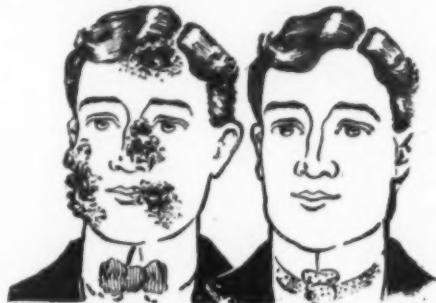
In the first round Maher began rushing O'Brien, but was unable to do any damage. O'Brien continually jabbed Peter in the face, and just before the first round ended Jack landed two stiff punches squarely on Maher's jaw, sending him to the floor. He lay there helpless and would probably have been counted out had he not been saved by the bell.

After that Maher ceased his rushing and O'Brien also fought more cautiously, which made the next four rounds only muddling fast. O'Brien was able to land almost at will. Maher's face was a favorite spot for Jack's blows, and he kept jabbing at that mark almost continually. O'Brien was in superb condition. He looked the trained athlete all over. Maher's chief adviser was Tom Sharkey.

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Every railroad running into Ft. Wayne brings scores of sufferers seeking this new and marvelous cure and to enable those who cannot travel to realize what a truly marvelous work the doctor is accomplishing they will send free to every sufferer a free trial package of the remedy so that everyone can cure themselves in the privacy of their own home. This is the only known treatment that cures this most terrible of all diseases. Address the State Medical Institute, 3290. Elektron Building, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Do not hesitate to write at once and the free trial package will be sent sealed in plain package.

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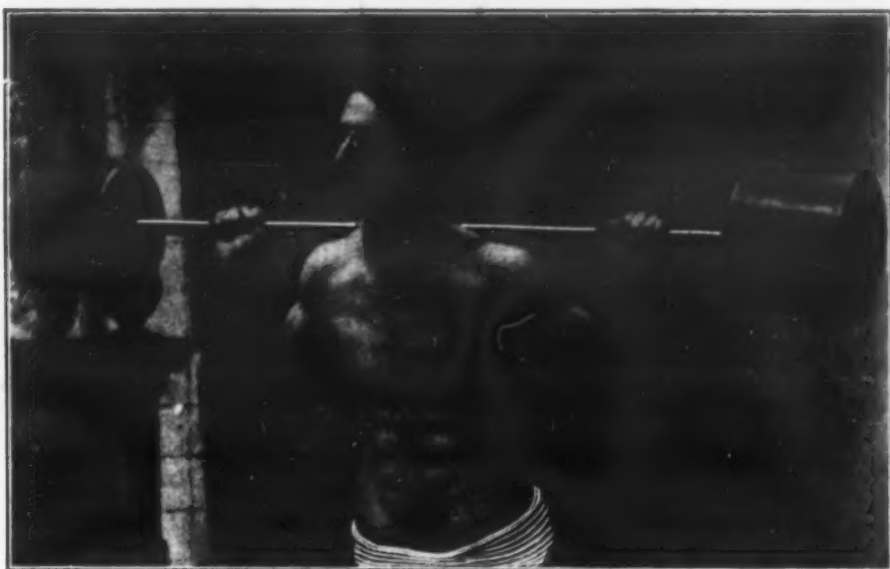
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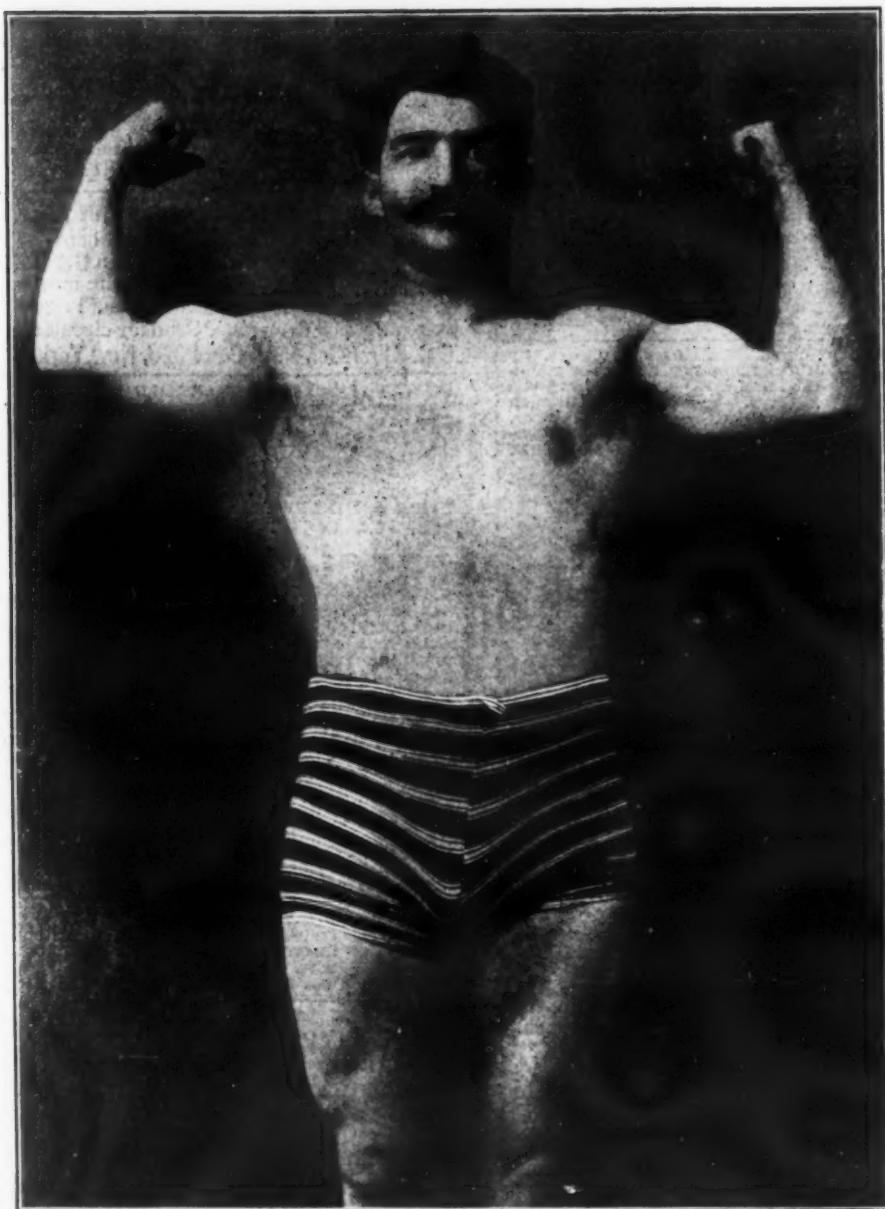
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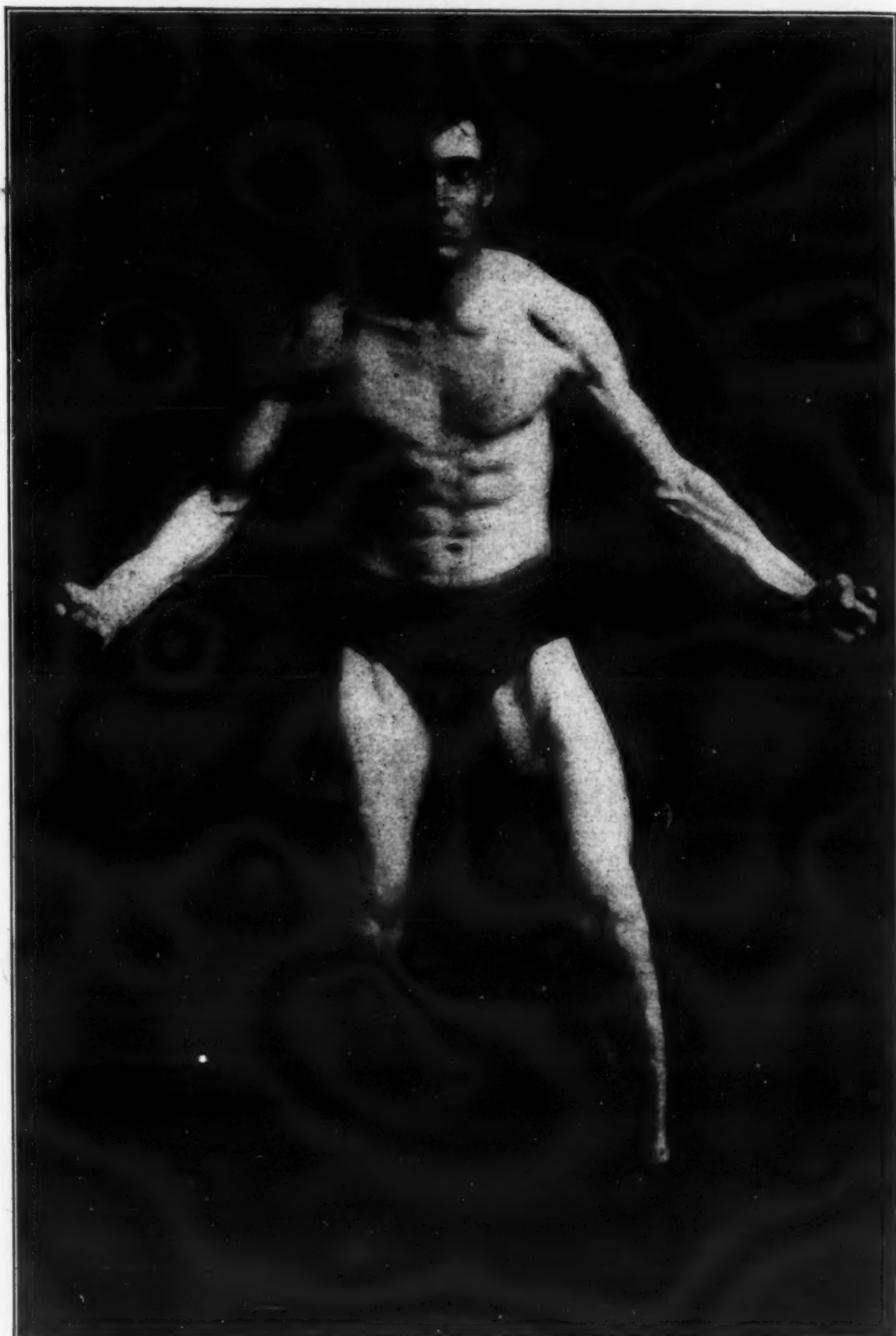
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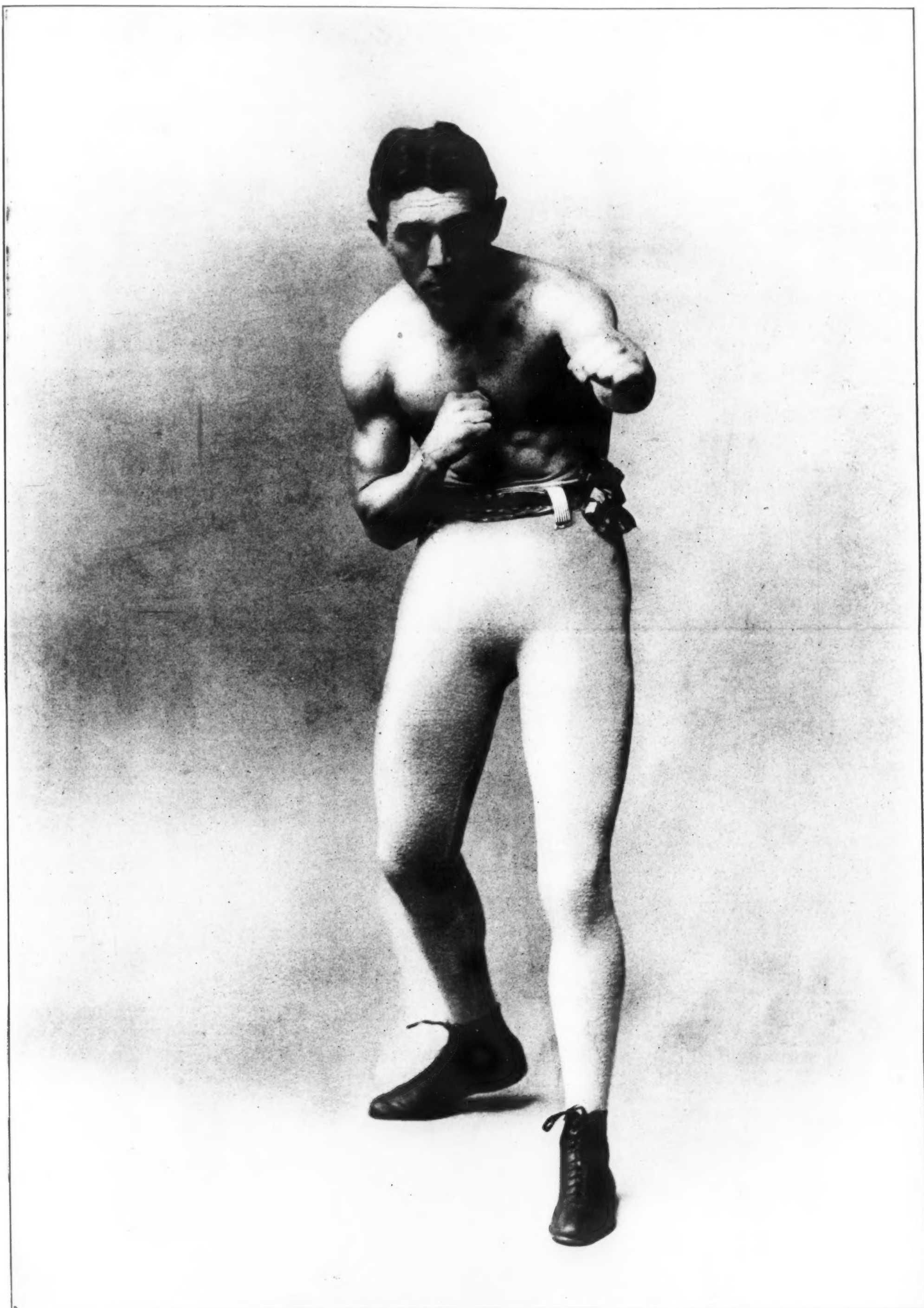


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WILLIE MACK.

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